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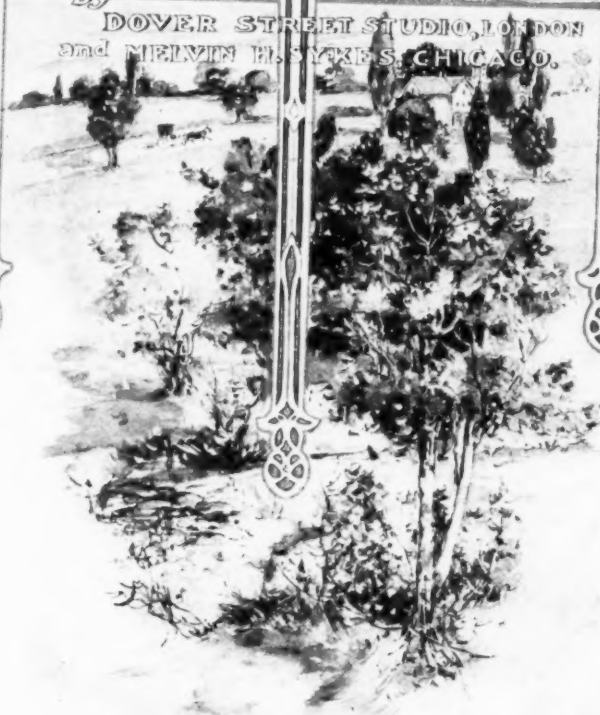

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MELVIN H. SYKES, CHICAGO

MISS GRACE McARTTY







PHOTOGRAPH BY MELVIN H. SYKES, CHICAGO

MISS CARRIE REYNOLDS







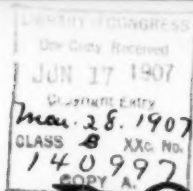




DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

More than one head turned

—“A Love Story à la Carte”



THE RED BOOK

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A Love Story à la Carte

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

MORE than one curious head turned to watch Mr. William Lloyd Carmichael and his god-child Eleanor Roberts, as they followed Henri, the head waiter, to a secluded table in the corner by the window. The big, cheerful room of the Café du Printemps was, as usual, filled with people, nearly all of whom knew the tall, white haired man and his companion.

The girl, half-turned in her chair, looked about her eagerly.

"Everyone is here, Uncle Billy," she began. "There's Mrs. Jack Courtleigh, surrounded, as usual, and what a jolly little woman she is! Oh! there's Alice VanWorth. How do you do!"

She nodded brightly.

"Alice looks so much better than she did. I had a letter from her written in Venice just a while ago, and here she is back again. And there's Charlotte Hastings. I haven't seen her since the wedding. See, Uncle Billy! there they are by the screen. Look! They see us. Hello!"

She waved a half-gloved hand to a merry party across the room.

"She was the most beautiful bride I ever saw. Don't you think so, Uncle Billy?"

Mr. Carmichael shook his head and laughed.

"Ah, my dear, you can't trap an old fellow like me into committing himself in that way."

Eleanor talked on merrily—charming, beautiful and as irresponsible as a girl of nineteen should be—while her companion encouraged her with a word here and there, enjoying her undisguised enthusiasm.

Soon the first flush of her excitement began to wear away. The orchestra was

playing and Eleanor, humming to herself a trifle vaguely, leaned her elbows on the table and looked at Mr. Carmichael.

"It's a pity you never married, Uncle Billy," she said quite earnestly.

"You must blame your mother for that," he answered.

She shook her head and was silent for a moment, then hesitatingly, "You must be very lonesome sometimes, and—and, I've thought so many times what a splendid father you would have made."

"If your mother had been kinder," he answered with a bow, "I might have been your father, and my dear, I should have been very proud of you."

"You are almost that as it is," she said slowly.

"But not quite," returned Uncle Billy with a shade of regret in his voice. "I'm not even a real uncle."

Eleanor hummed along with the orchestra, and for a moment lost all realization of her surroundings.

Mr. Carmichael, regarding her closely, tried to guess her thoughts.

"I would give something to know who the lucky fellow is," he said to himself, for this was a subject to which he had given much attention of late.

"POTAGE SURPRISE"

As he watched the girl he noted a sudden change in her expression. A sparkle of eager interest came into her eyes, a little flush mounted into her cheeks, and the fine lips parted as she looked down the room toward the entrance.

Mr. Carmichael followed her gaze. A young man came directly to the table, nodded politely to Uncle Billy, and took

Eleanor's outstretched hand. There was no mistaking the warmth of their greeting.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Aitkin," said Eleanor.

"It's a pleasure to see you—and, I have some news. May I come to-morrow?"

There was no lack of pleading in Arnold Aitkin's voice. He was rather noted for his earnestness.

"Yes, yes! and come early!" returned Eleanor with undisguised enthusiasm.

In another moment Aitkin had left them and the girl turned to Uncle Billy with an unmistakable sigh.

"Surely it's not that man!" exclaimed Mr. Carmichael, surprised out of his usual composure.

"What do you mean?" she asked, blushing delightfully.

Uncle Billy pulled himself together with an effort.

"I don't know whether you know it or not, Eleanor, but you ought to be aware that Arnold Aitkin—"

"Oh, please, Uncle Billy!" she interrupted, no little emotion showing in her voice. "I know you are going to say something horrid, and I've heard plenty of silly stories, but I can't believe them, so don't say anything more about it."

"But, my dear Eleanor," protested Mr. Carmichael, "it's as much as any woman's reputation is worth—"

"Now, Uncle Billy, I didn't think it of you—" Her eyes were very wide and seemingly ready to fill with tears. "You, of all people, to listen to gossip and believe it! And you can't deny he's awfully handsome!"

"My dear girl—" he began but stopped abruptly; clearly this was not the time for remonstrance.

The subject was not again touched upon and presently, their dinner over, they arose from the table. With all the devotion of a lover Mr. Carmichael wrapped the long cloak about the slim figure of his companion and the two moved slowly out of the café.

"POISSON D'AVRIL"

Mrs. Harry Roberts came into the Café du Printemps with what the newspapers call a "regal air." She was undoubtedly handsome—"well-done," from the crown of her coiffure to the soles of her little

French shoes. Mr. Carmichael, waving the attentive Henri aside, helped her with her wraps and with great care pushed in her chair for her. He performed these little courtesies with an air of incomparable grace.

Mrs. Roberts, sitting with her back to the window, faced the dining-room and surveyed it critically through her lorgnette. Uncle Billy deferentially handed her the *menu*, which she took mechanically and presently turned her attention to it.

"Some Ostend oysters, William," she announced, "a little *pompano*, and perhaps—" she laid the bill of fare down with a gesture of indifference. "I can trust you with the rest, William. You've not wasted your years."

Uncle Billy smiled his acknowledgements and ordered dinner.

"Talking of my experiences—" Uncle Billy began, but Mrs. Roberts promptly interrupted.

"Not for the world, William. I'm still young enough to be shocked!"

"—leads me to the real purpose of this dinner," continued Mr. Carmichael imperturbably.

"Heavens! A dinner with a purpose!" laughed his companion. "It sounds like advice to young mothers. By the way, did you notice that Paquin gown Alice Huntington is wearing? It's rather stunning. I wonder who picked it out for her?"

"My dear Margaret, I wish you would be serious for a minute," Uncle Billy protested.

"Surely a Paquin gown is serious enough? Ask Harry."

"ENTREE DIPLOMATIQUE"

"Margaret, this is not a laughing matter," Mr. Carmichael insisted. "It has to do with Eleanor and Arnold Aitkin, and I wanted to warn you in time!"

Mrs. Roberts laid down her knife and fork and looked wonderingly at the other for a moment; then she picked them up again and went on with her *emincée*.

"You always were romantic, William," she announced.

"All the same, Eleanor is in love with Arnold Aitkin," he asserted. "There isn't the least doubt of it in my mind."

Mrs. Roberts became thoughtful.

"Are you sure?" she asked.



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

Leaning close he whispered in his ear

"Certain!"

"Let me see," began Mrs. Roberts reminiscently. "His mother was a Norton and her sister is the Countess de Lone. That would give her the continental *entrée* at once. H—m—I never thought of that before."

She was speaking more to herself than to the man opposite.

"That's all true, but Aitkin is impossible," Uncle Billy cut in, sitting very straight in his chair.

"Yes, yes, quite suitable," Mrs. Roberts went on after a pause. "Yes, quite suitable. When did you discover it, William?"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, "the thing is not to be thought of. Have you forgotten that notorious affair with the Spanish dancer? Surely—"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Roberts said vaguely. "The ball-room in the Aitkin house is

without doubt the finest in Manhattan. And his old mother can't live forever. She must be seventy-five, if she's a day. He was the youngest, wasn't he, William?"

"Come, come! Margaret!" Uncle Billy protested a trifle brusquely. "You can't think for a moment of marrying a girl like Eleanor to a man who was responsible for that outrageous picnic three years ago!"

"Why, of course. I'm so glad you spoke of that. It reminds me of his house in Newport. You remember it. I've said to Harry time and again, that I did envy Arnold Aitkin's house overlooking the harbor. It's superb. Tell me, William, does he seem attentive?"

Without question this news was of more than passing moment to Mrs. Roberts, and she undoubtedly hurried through her dinner. Uncle Billy continued to protest; but his companion was wholly occupied

with this new idea, and could only speculate aimlessly on the prospect opened by the hinted alliance.

"Of course," she insisted, "it is very early to think of anything being settled, and I want Eleanor to choose for herself. Heavens knows I'm not worldly, William; but, on the face of it, it does look highly satisfactory, doesn't it?"

"No, it doesn't!" growled Mr. Carmichael.

"But it is so strange I should never have thought of it; you know, my worst enemy cannot accuse me of being a neglectful mother," Mrs. Roberts went on. "And now that you have spoken, I do remember that he has been coming to the house quite often of late. I wonder if there is anything in it, after all? You're so romantic and imaginative, William. Have you said anything to Harry? I'm sure he will feel as I do about it. Now, come along; you don't know how anxious I am to talk it over with him. Really, I'm quite excited!"

Mrs. Roberts hurried from the café followed by Mr. Carmichael.

"THE ROAST"

Mr. Harry Roberts sipped his coffee at the end of the dinner with unmistakable satisfaction. He looked across the table at Mr. Carmichael with a twinkle in his eye.

"Billy, I am reminded of the last time we were in Paris together."

"That was a good many years ago," returned Mr. Carmichael reflectively.

"Yes, it was," agreed Mr. Roberts, "but it was an evening one never forgets. You remember the little place you took us to dine that night. A small shop near the river with a sanded floor? What was the fellow's name? Oh, yes, now I have it. Frédéric! Queer old chap—but he could cook!"

"He's still there. *Quai de la Tournelle*," nodded Uncle Billy.

"What a night that was!" Mr. Roberts went on. "And couldn't she dance! They don't make them like that these days."

He stopped and the two men were silent for some moments.

"Billy," said Mr. Roberts finally, "what became of her? You were pretty hard hit at the time, and so was she. No wonder, though, considering the money you spent on her. My, how she did dance that night

—and on a table no bigger than this, while the whole room went wild. And the next day you were off to the Riviera. What a busy youth you were Billy! Tell me what became of her?"

"Really, I've forgotten those silly things," Mr. Carmichael murmured sententiously.

"Nonsense!" protested Mr. Roberts. "I'll bet you know where she is this very minute and just what she is doing. You know well enough—and why not?"

Another silence followed, and then Mr. Carmichael discreetly changed the subject.

"By the way, do you know Arnold Aitkin?" he asked.

"I see him now and then at the club. Strikes me as rather a decent sort of a boy, considering the way they're brought up these days," returned Mr. Roberts.

"He seems a good deal talked about," suggested the other.

"Well," vaguely, "I suppose he is; but, after all, he sows his wild oats like a gentleman, and that's something. It's a pleasure to see a young fellow who can keep his little affairs out of the public press nowadays."

"He's not so young," said Uncle Billy irritably.

"Well, I suppose not, but he's only a boy after all. Plenty of time for him to steady up!"

"That's all very well," insisted Mr. Carmichael. "I am willing to agree that Aitkin is good company, and decidedly above the average of this generation, but you wouldn't care to have him for a son-in-law, after what you know of him!"

"I'm not so sure," exclaimed Mr. Roberts. "There is plenty of money, his people are all right, and he's clearly a gentleman—which is saying much these degenerate times!"

"But you wouldn't, seriously now, care to see him marry Eleanor?"

There was evident anxiety in Uncle Billy's voice.

"Now that you mention it, I remember Margaret saying something of the kind the other night. The fact is, I think it's rather a good idea, but it's no affair of mine, you know. Eleanor and her mother will arrange that, and when the man comes to ask my consent, you may be sure I shall have had my instructions. I've had them already, if you care to know."



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONELL

"My! how she did dance that night!"

Mr. Carmichael's eyes snapped. "Let me tell you, Harry," he began, "that it's a beastly shame to even think of it. What's the use of our mincing matters? Arnold Aitkin, as you know and I know, has a reputation I don't care to contemplate, and when I think of his marrying Eleanor my blood boils; and what's more, you can count on me to do all I can to prevent it!"

Mr. Roberts looked his surprise.

"Well!" he ejaculated, "that's the last sort of sentiment I should have expected from you. One might almost think that your own past—"

"Never mind my past; it's Eleanor's future we have to consider."

"To begin with," returned Mr. Roberts, "you have spoiled Eleanor until you think she is wholly different from other girls, a sort of superior angel. But even so, you want her to marry a man, don't you? You wouldn't have her tied to a milk-sop who, out of sheer ignorance would be certain to get into some beastly trouble after they were married. No, sir! I don't want that sort about. As for Aitkin, he is at least a gentleman. You don't find perfect men these days, Billy, or," he added, "any other days, for that matter!"

"It's an outrage—" began Mr. Carmichael.

But Mr. Roberts rose to his feet.

"Billy," he said soothingly, "I think you're bilious. Come over to the club and leave these matters to the women."

"No, I'll stay here and think for awhile," replied Mr. Carmichael.

"GAME"

Mr. Carmichael ordered the dinner with a great deal of care, but, as Aitkin was fond of remarking afterward, "he didn't seem to get much fun out of the first few courses." Naturally enough, Uncle Billy was not a little perplexed. The subject was a delicate one.

After several abortive attempts to lead up to the matter easily he launched boldly forth.

"Aitkin, I'm considerably older than you are," he began, and the younger man held his peace. "In fact," Uncle Billy went on, "I'm old enough to be your father, so don't think that what I am about to say to you has not been decided upon until after considerable thought on my part."

Aitkin looked a bit surprised but answered readily enough.

"I'm sure I shall value anything you may tell me, sir."

"I certainly hope so," returned Mr. Carmichael fervently. "I hope so, but I fear you will not understand my deep interest in the matter. I am referring to your contemplated marriage!"

Aitkin started in his chair and his face turned scarlet.

"Who told you anything of that?" he demanded.

"It is quite beside the question how I know of it," replied Mr. Carmichael. "It is to ask you to give up all idea of it that I have invited you to dinner to-night. No! No! Don't interrupt me yet. It is, of course, strange to you that I should be the one to make objections and, believe me, I appreciate that I am asking a great sacrifice from you. Still I do ask it—nay for the girl's sake I demand it."

The color had slowly dropped out of Aitkin's face.

"Mr. Carmichael," he began, "it is only because you are an old gentleman that I am listening to you. Further than that, let me tell you at once, it will be quite useless to pursue the subject."

"Don't say that," Uncle Billy pleaded leaning across the table. "Don't say that. Think of what you may be doing and remember you must be deceiving an innocent girl about the life you have led."

It was a moment or two before Aitkin made any reply, then he spoke quite calmly.

"Mr. Carmichael, you have made it very evident that there is very little charity in the world and that it is quite impossible to escape the follies of one's puppy-days. I had hoped that those for whose opinion I cared would forget them. Evidently I was mistaken, but that cannot be helped. As to the girl not knowing, there you are entirely wrong, because I told her exactly the truth and your fears for the future are groundless.

"You say that you have told her?" questioned Mr. Carmichael in surprise.

Aitkin nodded.

"When?" demanded the other.

"Almost a year ago. And I have been on probation ever since," replied Aitkin.



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

"Surely, it's not *that* man?" exclaimed Mr. Carmichael

Uncle Billy shook his head positively

"Aitkin, you're mistaken," he said.

"Excuse me, Mr. Carmichael," returned the other, "but she does know, and what is more, she has forgiven me."

"Eleanor told me not a week ago that she did not believe any of those stories, and further, that she would not listen to any remonstrances on my part."

"Did Eleanor Roberts say that to you, sir?" Aitkin asked eagerly.

"Yes, and I have no doubt she believed you quite perfect," said Uncle Billy; "but don't you see, man, that it is only a question of time when she will discover that they are true and that will mean the end of any happiness for both of you. If she were older, perhaps it would be different, but she's so young and—and—"

Mr. Carmichael halted. His emotions were getting the better of him. For several minutes neither man spoke, but finally

Aitkin raised his head and looked the older man squarely in the eyes.

"Mr. Carmichael, you need not worry any more. You have your wish!"

"Do you mean it?" demanded Uncle Billy.

"I mean that I shall not trouble Eleanor with my attentions any further!" returned Aitkin steadily.

Uncle Billy's hand went out across the table.

"Aitkin," he said huskily, "you may command me for any service in my power."

"SALAD"

On the following evening Mr. Carmichael came into the café alone. He was half through his solitary meal when a party of young people entered and seated themselves at the other end of the long room. Uncle Billy stared at them, as if he could not believe his old eyes, and actually fumbled at his glasses. There were four of

them, but he noted only two—his adored Eleanor and Aitkin. Subconsciously he was aware that his nephew and a young woman were there also, but these two counted as nothing just then. He saw the complete wrecking of his plans, for a certain air of proprietorship about Aitkin sent a chill to his heart. That the young man had gone back on his word, Uncle Billy did not for an instant doubt, and to make the matter worse, his Eleanor was there without a chaperon.

The two men got to their feet as he came up, but he recognized only Eleanor, who looked up into his face with a most cheery smile.

"Does your mother know you are here, Eleanor?" he asked a bit uncertainly.

"Oh, no, indeed! No one knows, yet," she answered gayly.

"But Eleanor—"

"You don't understand, Uncle Billy," she interrupted. "It's a wedding-party. We've just come from the church. And it's been such fun. Not a soul knows!"

"DESSERT"

Uncle Billy actually staggered. He had not thought of the possibility of an elopement, and he would have been the last to force matters to any such lengths.

For an instant he faltered, and then, like the noble old fellow he was, determined to make the best of it and stand by his god-child, come what might. He turned slowly to Aitkin and held out his hand.

"It was a little unexpected, but I congratulate you heartily all the same," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Carmichael," answered Aitkin, and with a slight gesture,

not toward Eleanor, but to the other girl who was blushing becomingly.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Aitkin. It may seem very irregular to you, sir, but some day I'll tell you all about it, and I think even you will agree there was no other way. Miss Roberts, of course, has been our *confidante* for a long time, and has helped us a lot and Billy, here, stood by me in church; but you, sir, have been the first to congratulate us."

Then Uncle Billy understood. He wanted to sing; he desired above all things to shout boisterously and to dance; but he did none of these things. Instead, he again held out his hand to Aitkin.

"Let me congratulate you again, sir," and, leaning toward the bride, "and I think an old fellow like I am, may be permitted to congratulate you also, *madame*."

They wanted him to sit down with them but he shook his head and returned to his own table.

"A CORDIAL"

Before the young people went away, Mr. Carmichael's nephew came over to the table, and, leaning close to the old gentleman, whispered in his ear.

"Say, Uncle Billy, these weddings seem to be catching. Eleanor said she'd marry me while we were helping Aitkin. I hope you approve?"

Uncle Billy's heart was too full for words just then. After all, this is what he wanted more than anything else in the world, and here was the reason for his dread of Aitkin.

He wrung the young man's hand vigorously and finally blurted out with a gulp:

"Boy, your Uncle Billy is a busy old ass!"

The Bride and the Bribe

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

Author of "Tiberius Smith," etc.

HE HAD never appreciated just how serious his position was until the district-attorney opened the case for the prosecution. His friends had seen to it that he was equipped with the best counsel in that part of the state, but, heretofore, he had viewed things numbly; it wasn't real. He had never solicited or taken a bribe,

he repeated to himself; no twelve men would ever hesitate to accept his word for his innocence—Good God! some of them believed it already. Else why did they eye him so curiously? Ten years in prison! Could it be! Could it be! And yet, innocent men had been sent there.

"Rokeman," he whispered through his

parched lips, "tell me! Is there any danger?"

His attorney paused in casting a contemptuous smile at the district-attorney's broad back, indulged in solely to impress the fifth juror, who was listening too intently, and murmured:

Ten years! As complete an annihilation as a millior. The bare conviction would ruin him, blast him, and leave a scar on his soul all eternity could not wear away.

The audience enjoyed it. It was a fitting climax to the town's spasmodic period of virtue.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"Give me a chance; I'll fix it all right"

"Mr. Reith, I'm earning my money. Of course, they believe the D.A., but wait until I've had a say. It's going to be a tough one. They've got to have a sacrifice. You're the goat. The D.A.'s election next fall depends on his nailing a conviction."

And the sweat stood out on the defendant's brow, each drop an agony of apprehension. "Ten years," he mumbled, trying to remember how much he had heard say would be deducted for good behavior.

One dull day a newspaper had printed a little story about graft. Around the city hall it was generally believed that graft was common in various branches of the municipal government. The town, also, had known it, in a dim speculative fashion, and had come to accept it as a regular part of an official's life. Else, why did busy and successful business-men strive to be poorly paid officials? But during this particular flurry, only intended

to bridge over a dull day, an ill-advised member of the common council had made a sensational speech, which all the papers felt called upon to answer. And as a result the council, as a body, as public opinion assailed and cried out, gravely decided to avert suspicion from the evil rumors clustered about the street railway franchise by voting to investigate the school board.

And with the hue and cry turned against these gentlemen the public quickly joined the chase, crying "Stop thief!" while the aldermen breathed more freely and banked the franchise-bonus in their wives' names.

But the school board felt much aggrieved. There had been malicious gossip about teachers paying money for appointments, and the public remembered it all. So, the school board resolved itself into a committee of investigation, and with outraged feelings began to look about for a scapegoat. And the little innuendo, started on a dull day by an afternoon paper, finally resulted in Townley Reith, superintendent of schools, being indicted. There was also gossip that Chris Othout, a member of this investigating committee, had been found mildly guilty; but if there was any indictment the district-attorney had tucked it away in a pigeonhole in return for the member's testimony.

And it was the speculation on what Othout would confess that attracted the audience. One thing was positive. The public demanded a conviction. The judge knew it, the jury knew it, the district-attorney knew it. Ergo, as a psychological moment for Reith, it was all very bad.

And ten years! Could it be that the great, humane public would insist on a conviction? Alas, yes. At last he was awake to his peril. The jurors gazed at him with lack-luster eyes. The audience was only curious and expectant.

The fat face of Othout, streaming with nervous perspiration; the long, limp mustaches, crawling over flabby cheeks; the heavy black eyebrows, cut on the bias, all bespoke treachery and fear. He sat behind the district-attorney and followed every motion with his scared, small eyes. For although one of the pigs most industrious to keep both feet in the trough, the

impetus of public opinion had frightened his porcine soul and he was ready to squeal.

"They can't make the case, can they?" gasped Reith, between a choke and a sob, as he covered his emotion by mopping his forehead.

"Don't talk; listen!" growled Rokeman, his long, angular clean-shaven face becoming distorted into more angles as he thrust out his heavy jaw and gave heed to his opponent's opening.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is a peculiar case," the prosecutor was saying blandly, motioning a careless hand towards the man he had so often met and chatted with. "And yet, it is easy to comprehend. For some time, it is feared, rank boodling has been going on in our beautiful city. An unwholesome plane of looting has been attained by one of those to whom we look to conserve our interests and the interests of our children. God save us against the day when grafters use our schools as a vehicle to reach their vicious goal! And yet this is such a case. We have at bar a young man of good family, with a bright future, betraying his trust."

The prosecutor's voice grew sad.

"We find him, while employed to superintend our public school system, deliberately extorting a bribe from a young woman who desired a position as teacher. Gentleman, he sold his integrity for \$300. That was the price the poor girl paid, in her anxiety to obtain a position. She was willing to pay it, not appreciating she was thus becoming a party to a felony. She was given to understand all teachers paid it. So, while we may respect the burglar and footpad, we can feel no sympathy for this—"

"If the Court please," observed the sonorous voice of Rokeman, as he rose to to his full, scraggy height and made no attempt to readjust the old-fashioned cuff that had slipped along a bony expanse of wrist: "May I inquire if my brother is summing up, or opening his case?"

As counsel's brain and might had won many a hopeless battle in many courts the judge was not slow to look gravely over his spectacles and suggest to the irate prosecutor:

"Perhaps, Mr. District-Attorney, you

had better confine yourself more closely to what you expect to prove and omit all characterizations."

"We've got the court, eh?" whispered Reith anxiously.

Counsel drew down his long upper lip and nodded slowly. Then behind one thin hand he said:

"Bad to interrupt the D.A. Had to do it, though. But it makes the jury suspicious we are trying to keep something covered." Then he added, "We had a rotten panel to choose from."

The district-attorney swallowed his chagrin and continued.

"As the learned Court suggests, I will hasten on to the material facts as we shall prove them. Incidentally, it will demonstrate how artful a seemingly upright young man can be in concealing a crime. Miss Mabel Spahl, educated at great inconvenience and sacrifice by her parents, was anxious to obtain a school in this, her home city, so she could repay those parents. She goes to Mr. Christopher Othout, a member of the school board, and makes her application. Mr. Othout, knowing her people, was interested to see her appointed. In her behalf he called on the superintendent to ascertain if there were any vacancies.

"The defendant promptly informed him there was one, but that it was worth three hundred dollars. Mr. Othout, I regret to say, did not have him arrested for soliciting a bribe; intent only on securing the appointment for the young lady, and realizing the superintendent was the only one who could influence the whole board to make the appointment, he returned to his office after saying he would 'think it over.'

"Almost immediately he was called up

on the 'phone by the defendant, who asked him if he would endorse a note for three hundred dollars, as he, the defendant, was in need of that sum. Mr. Othout, of course, knew this was a direct demand for the bribe, cunningly covered. He answered, he believed he could spare the money, and for the defendant to send him the note.

"On the next day, gentlemen, the note was received. Miss Spahl was in Mr. Othout's office at the time. Handing her the letter which formally repeated the request for the loan, and the note, he remarked, 'You will get your appointment.' She asked, 'Why, what does this mean?' 'It means,' replied Mr. Othout, 'that you'll be appointed and I shall cash the note.' Then she said, 'No, if there's anything to pay, I'll pay it.' That note was endorsed and discounted by the bank, the defendant on the same day receiving Mr. Othout's check.

On the following

Monday Miss Spahl entered the high school as a substitute teacher. At the end of three months the defendant asked to renew the note, and this was permitted. When it finally fell due it was Miss Spahl's check that took it up, while on the day before it was due she received a permanent position.

"Gentlemen," and the district-attorney's voice sank low and soft, "Mr. Othout was a party to that crime. But he has repented and will do all he can to right the wrong. The prosecution is not ashamed to use his aid in meting out justice to that—" and an indignant finger covered the defendant. "The defense will not, I assume, contend that Mr. Othout wanted a position as teacher," added the prosecutor with a deep sneer. "And



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"I did not know I was committing a crime"

rail as they will against his evidence, he is a repentant man, gentlemen; and all doubt is cleared away as to his part in the transaction when I shall submit for your inspection the young lady's check for three hundred dollars, which the bank officials will testify was used to take up the defendant's paper."

Othout was then called as the first witness.

Before he could answer a question Rokeman was on his feet, his long Prince Albert pulling awkwardly away at the neck, making preliminary objections. He was curious to know how long since a party to a conspiracy could be allowed, without corroboration, to testify against an alleged partner in the crime.

"If the Court please, this witness is a self-confessed briber. To such base needs has the prosecution descended. This court will certainly not receive his evidence, so far as it has to do with Miss Spahl, as the district-attorney concedes she knew nothing of the alleged conspiracy and bribe until after all the plans had been laid. And with that eliminated he stands absolutely without corroboration."

"We shall call Miss Spahl to testify as I have outlined," smiled the prosecutor. "We can prove only one thing at a time."

Rokeman began to quote authorities. But sandwiched in between all the cases cited was a fiery string of invective directed against the witness. The district-attorney did not awaken to his opponent's purpose until after that angular-individual had succeeded in creating a grave doubt in the jury's mind at the outset of the case. Then the district-attorney became angry and tried to retort in kind, but counsel for the defense drew up his tall form and haughtily observed that he was in the habit of arguing questions of law without resorting to rowdyism; and the Court gasped, while the district-attorney endeavored to find words adequate to express his feelings.

"Where a conspiracy is charged," said the Court, interrupting the wrangle, "as in this case, I shall hold it proper to show all the acts and conversations of any of the parties thereto, as relating to any one alleged to have been concerned in the crime."

Then the witness, almost entitled to pity as he squirmed while the prosecution slowly extracted the whole shameful story, told all that had been forecast in the opening.

"How does it look?" whispered the defendant, as the district-attorney sat down.

"Rotten," muttered counsel, rising to take his turn at the victim.

And Othout's story had had a strong effect on the twelve men, as was indicated each time a juror slowly turned his head and stared coldly at the crimson faced defendant. It was all so hideously naked in its shamelessness that it was hard to believe the man was lying.

Then the cross-examination was begun. Never before had the frequenters of the courtroom seen a man so thoroughly flayed. He was tortured until he groaned an affirmative when asked if he were not a briber. The same when asked if he had not committed perjury when he went before the grand jury and told two different stories on as many occasions. He confessed he had first sworn before the jury that the loan was a simple business transaction, and again that it was a bribe.

"You did not tell the grand jury that it was a bribe until you had learned the district-attorney had obtained possession of the Spahl check, did you?" thundered counsel.

The witness admitted this was the case.

"And the district-attorney then told you, you could clear yourself only by convicting Mr. Reith, eh?"

"He said I must tell all."

"He threatened you if you didn't, eh?"

"I don't know that it was exactly a threat."

"And yet you knew that unless the defendant had accepted a bribe you were guilty of grand larceny in taking this girl's money, didn't you?"

The witness gasped and fidgeted spasmodically, but counsel was obdurate, and at last he admitted he had realized he would be prosecuted for grand larceny if the defendant was not prosecuted for bribery.

"And to save your pelt you have concocted this story," added counsel in his deepest bass.

"I object," cried the district-attorney.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"May I inquire if my brother is summing up or opening his case?"

The Court admonished counsel for the defense to proceed in an orderly manner.

"You deny the defendant paid you the three hundred dollars?"

The witness did, and this ended his ordeal.

The district-attorney was also glad it was over, for ordinarily, he was not compelled to work with such dirty tools. Then followed the officers of the bank, who swore the check was presented by Othout the day the note was due, and was applied to it. Members of the school board, rather non-committal, and all horrified to think graft had crept into their midst, but each denying any knowledge of the transaction, followed in quick succession. The orderly sequence of the evidence would have required that Miss Spahl be called next.

"I had intended to call the young lady this afternoon," explained the district-attorney, "but she has been absent from

town and has but just returned. I shall call her the first thing to-morrow."

"Will the jury believe Othout?" demanded the defendant desperately, at the close of the session.

"No," replied counsel slowly, "not if he were weighed alone against you. But if this girl gives any color to his story by admitting she gave him three hundred dollars for the position, the jury will satisfy the public clamor for some one's head, and will try to believe he procured the bribe for you, and they will convict, as you are the only one on trial."

"Poor Mabel," groaned the defendant.

"What!" roared counsel, so loudly as to cause several of the departing throng to pause and turn.

"I love her; that's all," finished the defendant wearily, and with no trace of embarrassment.

"Jumping catfish, young man! Does she know you feel tenderly toward her?"

"Yes."

"Fools! Two of 'em! Yes, three of us! Come!"

And counsel's long form began striding toward the door with his client in close tow.

The seating capacity of the courtroom was exhausted long before the court convened the next morning. It was seldom that a young and attractive woman took the stand to confess she had been compelled to bribe in order to obtain a chance to earn a livelihood. It was seldom that a man of culture could be found who would extort money from a woman. And the price was so pitifully small.

Miss Spahl, therefore, was the focusing point of all eyes as she rose from her chair, and with a red spot lighting each cheek passed to the stand. It surprised the prosecution that the defense made no technical objection when the district-attorney kindly asked her to tell all she knew of the note transaction. She related how she had gone to Othout to apply for a position, and how he had subsequently sent for her and had shown her a letter and a note.

"I did not see the name signed to the letter, or the note," she explained; "nor did he tell me whom it was from. The letter was typewritten. I remember observing the numerals '300.'"

The defense smiled, although it helped but little, her not seeing the name, as the letter and note were in evidence and presumably were the only ones she could have seen.

"He told me the man who could give out the appointment demanded money and that other teachers had paid it and that there were several on the waiting-list ready to do so. He said the man would give a note and that he would carry it until I had earned enough to pay it. I did not know it was bribery. I—I did not know I was committing a crime. I only thought it was too bad a man would take such an advantage of a poor girl. So, I submitted to what I thought was the inevitable and promised to pay as soon as I had earned the money. My salary was fifty dollars a month while a substitute, and sixty dollars a month thereafter.

When the six months were up I handed Mr. Othout my check for three hundred dollars and he said he would see the man got it."

The district-attorney was triumphant. But the first query from the defense came as a bombshell.

"What is your real name?" asked counsel.

"Mrs. Townley Reith," replied the witness with flaming cheeks.

Not only was it a bombshell to the prosecution, but to the court, and audience.

"How long have you been engaged to marry the defendant?"

"For several months prior to securing my position in the high school," said the witness.

"What!" cried the district-attorney, scowling blackly at the little figure. "Then, pray tell us, Mrs. Reith, why you didn't ask him for a position instead of going to Mr. Othout!"

"While you have no right to cross-examine your own witness, or impeach her, I will not object," grinned Rokeman.

"Under these extraordinary circumstances I consider her an unwilling witness," declared the heated district-attorney.

"You are mistaken," assured Rokeman. "You will find her most willing. If it were not so, you could never have had her testimony, as the law in this state does not require a wife to testify against her husband and also does not hold that a husband and wife can form a conspiracy." Then to give the proper touch of sentiment and send the reeling jury toward an acquittal, he continued: "For, from time out of mind, man and woman united in wedlock have been held to be one in the eyes of the law, and one person cannot conspire with himself."

"The witness may answer if she cares to," said the judge, his kindly old eyes lighting with interest as he gazed intently at the flushed face.

"I do, sir," she replied bravely. "I went to Mr. Othout as I knew Mr. Reith would be prejudiced in my favor. I wanted the request to come from a disinterested person, and then he could appoint me without feeling he had been unduly influenced by—by—"

"We understand," nodded the court gravely.

"Why, sir, he didn't even know I wanted a school here," continued the witness. "He thought I was to teach in a neighboring town. So, I also planned it as a pleasant surprise for him. He had told me he had had some trouble with members of the board, and I didn't want to embarrass him. When Mr. Othout told me I must pay three hundred dollars I thought it was to one of them with whom he had had—"

"Never mind what you thought," protested the district-attorney.

"Don't interrupt the witness," cautioned the judge. "Proceed."

"—he had had trouble with. I didn't dare tell him of the demand, for I knew he would be—"

"If the Court please, must we listen further to the conjectures of the witness?" demanded the district-attorney.

"You first objected to what she thought; now you object to what she says she knows," smiled Rokeman.

The court waved a hand and commanded, "Proceed."

"I knew he would be terribly angry and do something that might lose him his place," she added, meeting the district-attorney's eyes stoutly.

"Why did you keep your engagement secret?" asked the district-attorney coldly.

"We were both poor and it promised to be a long engagement," she said simply.

"After I got my school we knew some might say he had showed partiality to me if it were announced."

"When were you married?"



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"He did not notice me approach"

The witness blushed, but answered, "Last night."

"Then the long engagement terminated quickly," observed the district-attorney sarcastically.

"His lawyer said it would help him," she said honestly.

And the court and audience and jury, all but the district-attorney, gave way to the relaxation and laughed without restraint. Even the long, sallow face of the defendant's counsel, crimped into a lean smile.

"Quite a matchmaker," sneered the district-attorney. Then he quickly asked: "Why didn't you announce your engagement when he was indicted?"

"He told me not to," the witness replied with no hesitation. "He said the charge was so ridiculous—"

"Never mind! That's not material," interrupted the prosecution.

"—that it was not necessary and would only make it disagreeable for me. Even after I was called before the grand jury he told me it would amount to nothing and he would never be indicted and brought to trial. He told me to leave town, go visiting, and I did. When I read in the papers that the case was on trial, and the district-attorney wanted me as a witness I returned."

Then she asked a little doubtfully: "There is something else I could tell—something I had forgotten until now. It doesn't amount to much, perhaps. Would it be right?"

"Go on," said the Court.

"On the day before the note was due, when I called to give Mr. Othout the check, he was counting a roll of twenty-dollar bills. There were fifteen. His office door was open and I made so little noise he did not notice me approach, I guess. I couldn't help but see he had fifteen of them."

Othout, meantime, had struggled valiantly with his collar. Obviously his collar

was too small for him, else why the beads of perspiration glistening on his forehead and under his shifting eyes? He avoided the occasional glances of the district-attorney, who also seemed to be suffering from too tight a collar, else why the rush of blood to his cheeks during the witness' simple account of her part in the transaction in question?

The defense called but one witness, the defendant. He said he had borrowed the money in good faith and had repaid it in twenty-dollar bills on the day before the note was due.

This finished the evidence. Rokeman contented himself with observing, in lieu of a summary, that no man was despicable enough to rob his sweetheart, even if hungry to starvation for graft. The district-attorney lamely assembled what was left of his case and insisted on a conviction.

The Court was content to remark, "Gentlemen, you may retire."

Immediately a verdict of "not guilty" was returned, and the judge beamed on, and shook hands with, the bride.

As for her she blushed and let fall her eyes. It was perplexing enough, all this fuss over the matter. She wished she really understood it.

"Come to my office," commanded the district-attorney to Othout. Once there the prosecutor pulled out an indictment and remarked: "I can't proceed against you on this, as your testimony cannot now be used against you. But unless those little rake-offs from the three teachers in the grammar-grades are returned quietly and without attracting attention and within twenty-four hours, the next grand jury will start things stirring. You hear me, Christopher?"

"Yes, yes," mumbled Othout humbly. "Gi' me a chance. I'll fix it all right."

"Oh yes, you're a fine fixer," growled the district-attorney, scowling after the vanishing form.

The Stuff of Dreams

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE HOUSE was old and of a squareness greatly approved by our grandfathers. There were no bay-windows, no gables, no angles foolishly projecting, and the grass crept softly up beneath the windows and close around the great stone by the front door. The door was open, and the passing breeze was free to wander through the hall and out again into the sunlight through a door at the other end. This it did, leaving behind a perfume of mingled sweetness very soothing to Mrs. Merivale's jangled nerves. The room in which Mrs. Merivale lay was soothing, too.

It was the largest room in the house, long and high and filled with a cool greenness. The walls were done in green, there was moss-green in the carpet, and through the closed shutters the light came greenly. Mrs. Merivale's jangled nerves were thankful that Cousin Ann had had the sense to have the place done over. She remembered this room in the time of wax-flowers and antimacassars.

"You really have very good taste, Ann," remarked Mrs. Merivale generously.

Cousin Ann stopped knitting and looked over her spectacles.

"Thank you, Amelia," she rejoined dryly. "My taste is as it may be, and doubtless what the Lord intended, but it wasn't my taste that chose these fixings. I left it to the young man.

"'Young man,' I said, 'I give you *carte blanche*, for if you're anything-like your uncle, I won't be disappointed.'"

"And the young man's uncle?" asked Mrs. Merivale amused.

Cousin Ann resumed her knitting and dropped a stitch. There was a little pause.

"Oh," she said, "I thought you knew I was speaking of young Andrew Overdale."

Mrs. Merivale's faint smile remained exactly as it was, for though Ann was not



looking, it was second nature to Mrs. Merivale to act as if she were. There was a note of faint surprise in her voice as she answered.

"Is he an artist, too? It must run in the family."

"He will be an artist if he gets half a chance."

Ann's voice had hardened perceptibly and it was with a very noticeable jerk that she added.

"Unless he dies before he gets it!"

Mrs. Merivale inspected the toe of her satin slipper.

"Yes! I remember that his uncle died quite young.

Perhaps that runs in the family, too. Poor Victor, he never had his chance, did he?"

Cousin Ann put down her knitting. She had dropped three stitches, and perhaps this was what lent a somewhat angry luster to her keen gray eyes.

"Really, Amelia!—" She began, then stopped. It had occurred to her that the doctor would be displeased. "I think you had better lie still and go to sleep," she concluded firmly.

"Gracious! I can't sleep in the daytime, Ann."

"That's it! If you could, you wouldn't be here. The doctor said he wondered how you had managed to keep it up so long. Early and late and turning night into day and no holidays to speak of. He said if you had had to work that hard just to live you'd have been dead long ago! He—"

Mrs. Merivale gave a little restless movement, and again it occurred to Ann that the doctor might be displeased. She continued in a milder tone.

"The doctor says he can't see the sense of it. But it's your own business, and there's no society here and nothing to do, so just you lie still and go to sleep."

She gathered up her knitting and adjusted the sofa-pillows more comfortably. After all, Amelia was hardly in a state to

have her past misdeeds "brought home" to her, even if it hadn't been years and years too late! So with a backward glance of mingled severity and remorse, Cousin Ann removed the excitement of her presence from the green room.



Mrs. Merivale was amused. She was not accustomed to being told to lie still and go to sleep, but there had been a time when she had been accustomed to Cousin Ann, and the memory was diverting. If the house had been done over, it was plain that no such change had taken place in the house's owner. Cousin Ann was still diverting.

The doctor, too, was evidently as much of a character as ever. Mrs. Merivale smiled as she thought of his strictures upon her manner of living. She could see his sharp, gray eyes snap as he discoursed upon the Sins of Society to Cousin Ann! And then, for no reason at all, the smile died, and the sense of amusement vanished. She felt the sudden revolution of feeling peculiar to jangled nerves.

The doctor was right; she had worked hard. She had made herself a perfect slave, denying herself rest and sleep to meet the insatiable demands of a crowd of people, half of whom she hated. Just now the other half seemed hateful, too, and for a dull minute she wished she had married Victor Overdale and lived happily ever after. But the next moment she was wondering how she was going to live at all until she was fit for society again. If her

nerves hadn't broken down, the coming months would have held some surprises for her friends. As it was—

It was ridiculous to tell her to go to sleep—just like Ann! And Victor Overdale's nephew was grown up and going to be an artist. How old Ann looked—and yet to hear her talk of that past-and-gone episode one might have thought it had all happened yesterday. Mrs. Merivale was thankful that she had learned to apply the proper perspective.

How deliciously quiet the room was—horribly quiet! She wondered how Ann lived in such a quiet house. It was enough to make a person jump up and scream from sheer perversity. She wondered what would happen if she should jump up and scream. Nothing, probably. If only the man would come and mow the lawn—but undoubtedly Ann had requested him not to do it. Ann always "requested" the man.

Mrs. Merivale closed her eyes and became absorbed in watching the shifting of strange patterns which formed themselves in endless diversity of color and line against her closed lids. The silence of the place was unnatural, or else she had forgotten that there was so much silence in the world! She was very tired. If someone would just be good enough to make a little noise, she felt almost sure she could go to sleep. The sewing-machine now—but Ann had requested the maid to remove the sewing-machine!

Then, when she had decided that sleep was quite impossible, something in her restless brain stilled, her hand lay more quietly, her eyelids ceased to quiver, and the fiery patterns faded out. Everything faded out—

She emerged from a limitless vacuum in time, an age of complete nothingness. So far had she descended into that abyss that the conscious self which formed itself within her seemed a self re-born. The awful weariness which of late had been inseparable from her idea of herself, her friends, and all the world, had given place to an effortless satisfaction with everything. Something like this she remembered to have felt as a young girl, waking in the morning to a day which never seemed too long.

There was a scent of flowers, and contentedly she allowed her eyes to open, thinking to rest them on Ann's jar of crimson roses. But her memory, always treacherous of late, must have been confused, for she was not lying, as she had supposed, upon a sofa in the green-room, and the perfume came, not from a jar of roses but from a garden full of them!

Not that the lapse of memory worried her—worry seemed far off, a discarded thing, quite impossible to consider in connection with roses. There seemed to be millions of roses; not the gorgeous hot-house blooms for which she had once felt a sick distaste, but garden-roses with the dew still lying on their leaves. She must have dreamed, she supposed, about Cousin Ann, the doctor, and the green-room!

Beside her on the bench sat a handsome boy who surveyed her with delighted eyes. He did not look at all surprised to see her there, so, of course, it was all right, if only she could remember. She smiled at the boy, wondering idly whose the garden was and what had happened there before she had fallen asleep and dreamed about nervous prostration, country doctors, and Cousin Ann. The boy smiled back. His face was quite familiar, dearly familiar, but in a curious, incomplete way, like a picture without a necessary background.

"I have been asleep," she said to him, apologetically. "It was unpardonable to sleep in your lovely garden, but—"

Her gesture gracefully suggested an excuse. Perhaps the boy's answer would solve the riddle for her.

He nodded, gazing over the garden with frank pride, and said irrelevantly:

"I am glad you happened to come in rose-time."

His voice was pleasant and familiar as his face had been. She knew and loved the little gesture with which he picked and handed her a flower. He had a care-free, boyish smile of which she was secretly fond and proud.

"Pin it on my gown," she said, and as with awkward carelessness he placed the rose exactly in the center of her fishu, she laughed and, obeying an impulse which seemed to spring full-grown from nowhere, she bent down and kissed him on the brow.

"Oh! I say!" began the boy, and then shyly, "I thought perhaps you'd think I had grown too big."

"I defy you to grow too big!" laughed Mrs. Merivale, and then amazement at what she had done surged in upon her.

"I have been asleep," she said helplessly. "Or is it that I am asleep now?"

The boy looked perplexed.

"I don't feel asleep," said Mrs. Merivale.

"Why then, of course, you aren't," said the boy, and they both laughed.

"That sounds so sensible that I suppose it is true," she assented, but nevertheless, under cover of the flowers with which the boy had filled her lap, she pinched her hand sharply. The boy watched her with understanding eyes.

"Did it hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, it was a very real pinch, so I suppose I am quite awake, but I hope you won't be offended if I tell you that I haven't the least idea where I am, or, to be frank, who you are, either."

"I did not suppose you would know me," said the boy serenely.



"I did not say I did not know you, I said I did not know who you were. It is only your name that I have forgotten—and that is not very important, is it?"

"Not very; but if you would like to know it, my name is Victor Alton Overdale."

Mrs. Merivale was silent for a moment. The boy looked at her with a certain expectancy which she did not meet.

"Overdale?" Why yes, I once knew a Victor Overdale. It is he whom you resemble, only that your eyes are different. You—you are a relative of his?"

The boy did not answer. Perhaps he had not heard her question, as his face was turned away and he was looking eagerly down one of the rose-bordered walks.

"The others will have heard you are here," he said in a somewhat constrained voice; then added more naturally, "there—they are coming now!"

Mrs. Merivale's glance followed his pointing finger. She felt a certain inexplicable relief that her question had remained unanswered. Who was this lad, the picture of Victor Overdale, yet whose eyes were like—she shook herself free from the shadow of perplexity and looked at the two who were coming toward them. Surely her memory would soon return to her!

For a moment she thought it had returned; the face of the tall young girl was like a break in the cloud. She knew the



face so well, loved it so dearly, and as for the little dusky-haired child which clung to the other's hand—she had snatched her up and covered the baby-face with kisses before she realized, once more, with a curious shock, that she did not know whom these two might be.

"We are so glad you have come," said the girl, as she returned the kiss which Mrs. Merivale had given as a matter of course. The dusky-haired child, undisturbed by the warmth of the lady's greeting, had clambered up into her lap and prattled away in baby-talk which seemed very sweet and familiar to Mrs. Merivale. It was all as if it had always been, as if nothing else could possibly be. It had certainly been an odd and miserable dream—that dream of Cousin Ann and the green-room. She must have been ill, but certainly she was better now. Even her memory seemed to be clearing. She knew the names of these children as well as she knew her own—only they just escaped her.

"Can you say your name, baby," she asked guilelessly of the child in her lap.

"Elsie May," announced the child promptly.

"Why, yes—I knew it! My memory is coming back." Mrs. Merivale laughed in her relief. "You will see," she nodded to the boy, "that I shall remember everything presently."

She looked long and earnestly at the girl before her. She was tall and very fair, her eyes were like the boy's eyes, very deep and gray, the lashes dark and heavy, when she smiled, the corners of her mouth curved upward in a most enticing way. The boy, who was following her struggle for memory said suddenly, "Don't you see? She is just exactly like you!"

Mrs. Merivale caught her breath quite sharply. It was absurd, but the girl certainly did look like her. She might have been looking at a miniature of herself as she had been when a girl, only—there was a difference. There was something in this girl's face which had never been in hers. She longed to read the riddle, but was prevented by a fear of something which she could not define.

"Your name—" she began and stopped uncertainly. "It should be—Alice." The conviction had come to her quickly, a little red spot crept into her cheek.

"Why, yes, it is 'Alice,'" smiled the girl. "You know you chose Alice because—"

She broke off suddenly, at some quick signal from the boy, and Mrs. Merivale saw a glance of understanding pass be-

tween them. They understood—if she should question them they would explain the things which were dark to her. But she did not ask the questions, she did not want to know—just yet.

Instead, she drew the girl down on the seat beside her and said: "You must be patient with me, dear. There are some things which it seems I have forgotten. Though how I could forget—"

The girl's quick smile ignored the self-reproach in her voice and the boy said comfortingly, "It doesn't make a bit of difference, anyway."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Merivale.

She had always been an adept at analyzing her feelings, and the sensation of having a feeling which quite defied analysis was very pleasant. Perhaps it was happiness, this glow in her heart, this sweetness so poignant that she dared not enjoy it to the full lest tears should come. Only she had not supposed that happiness could be so close to pain.

"We have waited for you a long time," the boy told her presently, "but I suppose you couldn't come before. Has it seemed a long time to you?"

A sudden sense of a great waste of years surged in upon Mrs. Merivale's mind. "A very long time, indeed," she said in quick agreement.

"And we have had each other," put in Alice stroking the hand she held gently, "but she has been all alone."

Tears of self-pity sprang to Mrs. Merivale's eyes. How unbearably lonely she had been—in that dream without the children. Thank God she was awake at last!

"You are making her cry," declared Victor hastily. "Oh, don't cry—let us go and see the garden."

Afterwards, she could remember but little of all they had talked as they wandered close together through the garden's fragrance. It was as if she had learned and then forgotten another language. But all the time she had seemed to be coming nearer to the meaning of the secret, and always she had been fighting back its revelation, refusing to understand—because she was afraid.

Sometimes the little dusky-haired child pulled at her skirt, sometimes the brother or sister or even Mrs. Merivale herself car-

ried her in her arms, and sometimes all three rested while the little one played beside them on the grass.

"There seemed to be no horizon," said Mrs. Merivale once, wonderingly.

"No," said Alice. "There is no horizon here."



The tone in which she made the simple statement held a pathos which Mrs. Merivale was quick to feel and wonder at.

"But, surely, it is lovelier so?"

The girl was silent.

"You are very happy here?" ventured Mrs. Merivale again.

Again the brother and sister exchanged a glance.

"It is beautiful," agreed the boy. "It is only that it is not—not real, you know. And you never came before."

"We knew she could not," interposed the girl quickly. "We were told that she could not find the way."

There was a question—but Mrs. Merivale dared not ask it.

They wandered on again, nearing the center of the garden where the paths grew wider. There seemed to be many children, babies and little ones, young men and maidens. Occasionally there was an older woman about whom children clung, and these latter groups seemed to be the happiest. Indeed, the faces of the women were quite beautiful.

Alice and Victor smiled across at each other. "She is lovelier than any of them," said Victor with grave conviction.

Mrs. Merivale wondered whom he meant. A remembrance came to her of her own face as she had last seen it in that other existence, which held nervous prostration and other half-forgotten things. She felt glad that it was only a dream-reflection for it showed her a hard face, languid and dull—there was no light upon it. The faces of these women were radiant.

The children whom they passed were all unfamiliar to Mrs. Merivale, but among the women she fancied she could trace most curious likenesses to people she had known in the dream-world from which she had awakened.

"If I did not know it could not be," she remarked once amusedly, "I would say that the lady sitting by the fountain is Caroline M. Smicht, B.A., lecturer.

"Just a strange remembrance of a dream," she explained smilingly to Victor. He looked puzzled. "But that is her name, you know," he said.

"Oh, but it can't be the same. This lady is much more pleasant-looking, and the Caroline Smicht I knew had no children!"

Just then they passed quite near to the fountain, and Mrs. Merivale saw the woman closely.

"Why, it is Miss Smicht," she declared. "I can't possibly be mistaken. Who is the lad to whom she is talking?"

"It is her son."

"But—"

Again Mrs. Merivale left her question unasked. An intolerable pain and longing swept over her, but she forced it back. The boy and girl seemed to observe her with love and sympathy, and after a slight pause Victor explained, with a boyish reverence.

"It is the son God intended her to have. She sees him here often and it comforts her."

By a resolute effort Mrs. Merivale kept herself from understanding this explana-

tion. She let it brush the surface of her mind, and then she rushed into speech that she might not face the thought which waited for her.

"I remember thinking," she remarked conversationally, "that someone had lost a good mother in Caroline Smicht. There are some women who are born mothers. Cousin Ann, for instance, might have been quite different if she had married that funny little country doctor and—"

"Would you like to see Cousin Ann's little girl?" interrupted the girl.

Alice's softly spoken question broke in upon Mrs. Merivale's flow of hurried words and left her breathless. But her determination to see no deeper than the surface remained unchanged.

"I really do not know what you mean," she said, "but everything seems odd since I've awakened up. I would like to see the—child very much." ("Of course it's all wrong, somehow," she murmured under the breath.)

They sat down beside the fountain and waited.

The little Elsie May climbed on the seat beside Mrs. Merivale and began to take pins out of her abundant hair.

"We'll play you are my 'tittle dirl," she prattled. "'o name is Bessie. Do 'oo like Bessie for a name? Do 'oo like detting 'oo hair tomed, Bessie?"

Mrs. Merivale liked it very much. The warm soft cheek was close beside her own, the little warm hands caressed her. She was quite content to be Bessie and have her hair combed.

"Here she is," called Victor returning triumphantly. He led a little girl who held back timidly. A prim little thing.

"Exactly like Ann!" thought Mrs. Merivale in spite of herself.

The child was dressed in a brown holland frock, neat and plain. Her hair was parted and drawn back into glossy pig-tails, tied with blue ribbon. But her eyes,



as she lifted them to Mrs. Merivale, were large and deeply blue and very lovely.

Mrs. Merivale held out a comforting hand.

"What is your name, my dear?" she asked. ("I'm safe in asking that," she assured herself grimly.)

"Cornelia Mary," announced the child stiffly; then relapsing from "good manners" into childishness, she drew closer to this pleasant-looking lady, a willing captive of Mrs. Merivale's famous charm.

"I love you very much," she said softly, "you are something like my mother."

Again that dreaded question; it was hard work to face it down, but Mrs. Merivale was desperate.

"Let us go on," she said hastily.

Once they came upon a woman who was weeping, and Mrs. Merivale felt her heart stir with a thrill of sympathy. It seemed to her that in the dream-world she had left, she herself had known what it was to weep.

"Do you think I might offer to help her," she asked the boy, and then, not waiting for the answer, she hurried to the woman and touched her shoulder.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked gently.

The woman looked up, showing a face young and blooming, though stained with tears. Surely it was a face that she knew—A face which she was accustomed to see wreathed in smiles, a face with which she, before her awakening, had associated many things which she had considered good. The woman glanced with dimmed eyes from Mrs. Merivale's face to the pitying faces of the children, and then without a word became once more absorbed in her hopeless grief.

Alice came and touched Mrs. Merivale on the arm.



"We cannot help her," she whispered. "She is sorrowful because there are no children here for her—none that are her very own, I mean."

Mrs. Merivale considered. Perhaps she might venture one question.

"Why has she no children—here?" she asked.

"It was not intended," said the girl serenely.

"But it isn't fair! It must be a terrible thing—" Mrs. Merivale pulled herself up with a start. She was getting too close to the secret—she did not want to ask herself just why this other

woman's grief should seem so terrible to her.

They had walked a long way through the limitless garden, and with each step the glow in her heart had warmed and strengthened, until she felt that this new thing which had come to her was greater than herself. She was consumed with it—and yet she did not know what fanned the flame. The time might have been moments or years, for all she could remember afterwards, but at length she noticed, not suddenly but with growing wonder, that the golden light which had surrounded them was growing dim. Though she felt

no sense of weariness, it seemed that evening must be coming on. The little dusky-haired child pulled heavily at her skirt.

"She is tired," said Alice gently, stooping to lift her, but Mrs. Merivale pushed her almost roughly to one side. In a passion of emotion which she could not control and did not try to analyze, she snatched the child to her breast, murmuring little delicious baby-words for which afterward she had no vocabulary.

She no longer cared for the terror of the secret, or feared the question whose



answer waited just out of sight. She would hold back the inevitable no longer, and her kisses rained upon the child's warm lips. The other two had drawn closer; their eyes searched hers.

"Tell me!" she said and the boy, bending close to her, whispered.

"Mother!"

The pain and the joy! It wrapped her in a sheet of flame. It tore at her heart and her brain. It stifled her in a whirling sea. She closed her eyes. The girl and the boy and the garden, the clinging child in her arms were all shut out as she went down again into nothingness—

She opened her eyes in the cool green-room, dusky now with twilight. Cousin Ann was standing by the couch, with a glass of milk-punch on a small tray. Mrs. Merivale remembered that the doctor had ordered milk-punch.

"Ann," said Mrs. Merivale, "why did you never tell me about Cornelia Mary?"

"Are you mad, Amelia?" It was Cousin Ann's own voice but it trembled, just a little.

"She is sweet, Ann," went on Mrs. Merivale. "Just like I knew you would like her to be. And such good manners!"

Some of the milk-punch had spilled upon the tray. Cousin Ann sat down and steadied the glass upon her knee. Her usually ruddy face was a little white.

"The holland frock and the blue ribbons on her hair were just as they should have been," went on the eager voice from the sofa, "but I did not really know her till I saw her eyes—"

The milk-punch must have been un-

steady, for a little pool had formed upon the carpet. Yet Cousin Ann was holding the glass very tightly.

"Her eyes were like—"

The glass crashed upon the carpet and Mrs. Merivale felt a cold hand close over her mouth.

"Be silent!"

Ann Merivale's voice was furious with passion. She shook Mrs. Merivale as if she had been a baby.

"How could you guess!" she gasped.

"She was my dream—all I had—even God didn't know—You have stolen her—You thief—You thief!"

She burst into a passion of wild sobbing.

Mrs. Merivale lay back upon her couch. She was almost herself now. She quite understood Ann's point of view.

"But she is not a dream," she argued forbearingly. "She is quite real. I saw her and spoke to her. She said she liked me because I looked like you."

Ann had ceased sobbing. She rose from her knees

and collected carefully the pieces of the shattered glass. She placed them on the tray. At the door she paused and looked back.

"I will send Jane in with your drink immediately, Amelia," she said formally, "and supper will be ready in a half-hour, if you feel you could eat a little."

This was all, and her voice was carefully cordial, but Mrs. Merivale had not lived her forty years for nothing, and she knew that Ann Merivale hated her as one might hate the thief who steals the pearl of price!

"Poor Ann!" thought Mrs. Merivale.



The Incalculable Element

BY ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

DR. KERR shifted uneasily. It was no sinecure, this confronting a blue-eyed woman whose youth and hope it was his obvious duty to crush! He had made a weak move toward evasion by telling her the facts in pollysyllabic medical terms. But she smiled at him bravely, leaning a little forward. In spite of her air of confidence he saw that her hands were trembling.

"But you see, Dr. Kerr, I don't know what those long words mean. Won't you translate, please?"

She was young and a woman, but no weakling in need of judicious lies. Kerr's heavy brows drew sharply together but he met the blue eyes squarely.

"The truth is, my dear Miss Brent, that there's not one chance in a thousand. I shall be surprised if Mr. Starrett lives three months, for the trouble is almost impossible to treat except in a superficial way. If he were sound otherwise, the disease might be arrested for a time, but there is low vitality, complicated disorders of the digestion, the circulation—You see I am frank!"

She drew a sharp breath, and the bright color ebbed slowly from her face, but she was perfectly self-possessed. Kerr was conscious of keen satisfaction in the evidence that here was a woman whose mentality was not at the mercy of her emotions. Indeed, she was studying him with a singular intensity as if analyzing the quality of his professional attainments, the justice of his premises and conclusions.

"Have you told him what you have just said to me?" she asked finally.

"To what end should I do so?"

"Because he is the sort of man who is always stronger for the facing of facts. The type is rare, I admit, but if Mr. Starrett knows everything you can tell him, he will be in a position to make a better fight than if he is ignorant of details."

Kerr nodded. "I see your point; a good one in a case where the chances are somewhere near even. But should the last days, of even a strong man, be embittered by a battle with what is, humanly speaking, the inevitable?"

"You said there was not one chance in a thousand. Might there be one in five thousand, in ten thousand?"

Her quiet persistence was puzzling, even a little irritating, to the distinguished specialist, whose professional opinions were rarely challenged. But he spoke very kindly.

"Of one thing a doctor is always certain, that he is liable to error! But I can say that Mr. Starrett's recovery would seem to me a miracle, and, as you know, science doesn't recognize miracles!"

She rose slowly, and stood before him, slender yet mature, above the average height of women, so that she could look into his eyes from a height not far short of his own.

"Doctor, your frankness is generous—and merciful, and I appreciate it. But I want to say one thing, and because of my ignorance, you must not resent it."

The note of appeal in her voice was curiously interwoven with defiance, and Kerr smiled at her, his sympathy mixed with pleasure in something piquant and daring about the fine face, the vigorous personality.

"Speak up, Miss Brent! We poor devils of doctors are always getting called down for our would-be omniscience!"

Allison Brent looked at him with her serious gaze, from which all appreciation of the humorous had for the moment fled.

"You are a great doctor, and a greater man, Dr. Kerr. But I think you are making the mistake common among physicians. You forget to allow for the exceptional case. You forget that in your work you must reckon with the incalculable human element, the element which complicates any science dealing with men and women because they are always more than mere bodies, mere machines! You can amputate a man's leg, but his will, his individuality, you can't reach with your knife, or your drugs, or your theories!" The color raced into her cheeks, as if her own words were cordial to her spirit, and she flung back her head, looking at him from dauntless eyes.

"I don't know whether you have known that I am engaged to Mr. Starrett; I am going to marry him, at once, and force him to get well! When he understands the necessity, he will help me; and together we may yet convince you of miracles!"

Kerr caught her hands in a strong grip.

"In truth, you are a gallant woman! You have the will which achieves wonders. Go in and rout this changeling we call science, and prove me a fool and a croaker! I'll cheer you at the goal, and count myself a back number!"

She smiled. "I'll tell Mr. Starrett what you've said, and nobody else!"

But in her mind was a leaping fear of defeat, and with dread of his reading her change of mood, she said "Good-by," and went quickly out into the tonic of the bracing winter day.

She went into the battle single-handed, with none to share her optimisms or her anxieties, for she was an orphan, with no near relatives, and Starrett was as aloof from close ties as herself. But as she had told Kerr, Hugh Starrett belonged to the breed of men who are the more alert for facing facts, however hard. When she told him of her interview with the specialist, disguising no detail, he lay looking at her with proud, calm eyes. Then lines of determination sharpened about his mouth.

Hitherto he had been ill in a somewhat passive, impersonal way, but now the will to live awoke him to new energies, to definite theories concerning his own case. The sick-room rules and regulations took on new color, his nurse as well as the local doctor, both of whom believed in the finality of Kerr's diagnosis, saw in the patient a new purpose to follow intelligently the few definite rules of living which the physicians had agreed might prolong life. He would not consent to Allison's plan of immediate marriage. Since he could see her constantly without fear of criticism, he believed it better for himself, as for her, that life should flow on evenly without an emotional crisis such as even the idea of marriage must produce. This amazing common-sense brought Allison to both tears and laughter in secret. But she now recognized that her effort to insure an atmosphere of serenity was admirably

working for the patient's well-being. The fact that this atmosphere was a manufactured product seemed in no wise to interfere with its efficacy, and gradually the sick-room became a cheerful meeting-place for Allison and a few of Starrett's intimate friends.

As the spring advanced, a wheeled chair took him into the charming garden, survival of the city's untrammelled youth. There Allison read to him books of a calm and tempered philosophy; there, too, his friends laughed and chatted and argued concerning all matters under heaven.

If to the eyes of these youths Starrett looked still more ghost than man, a wraith of his former high-colored self, at least the disease seemed no further advanced than it had been several months earlier. Allison, during this time of probation, dared not hope for too much. Yet she grew to respect her own optimism, to smile at the memory of her arraignment of Kerr, and to wonder whether that distinguished specialist of the great city had heard of the improved condition of the patient through the local practitioner, who had called Kerr to the smaller town in consultation.

That Starrett was no worse was in itself amazing, medically speaking. In her ignorance, had she really proved to be a true prophet? But Allison did not forget to play her own part in the slow-moving little drama. At times Starrett was subject to dangerous fits of depression, to moods of sheer hopelessness, when the long battle with physical weakness seemed a useless warring with the inevitable. Then it was that the girl, holding his thin hands in her warm clasp, would laugh at him softly.

"It's so foolish, dear, to insist upon dying by way of justifying the doctors! Of course you are suffering! It's a long fight, a hard fight. But we're going to win out, to have happy married years together, wherewith to confute the wisdom of the great Dr. Kerr! Why, Hugh, you will outlive us all if you'll only believe you can!"

And her courage always heartened him. Eventually he would recover his tranquility, his fundamental optimism. It was Allison who was the more exhausted, apparently, by these backsets. Gradually

they became rarer. Delicately, almost imperceptibly, Starrett improved. The blood came back to his cheeks and his hands, his eyes regained their old look of living in the world of men, not ghosts, his wit took on its delicate edge. Even work—he was an architect of no small promise—began to dazzle him with dreams of fulfillment. Then it was that Allison dared to thank God for his miracle. It seemed a sort of divine making-good of her own bluff in this game of *Hope versus Science*, and she wondered as much as she rejoiced.

Then one day in the heart of autumn, she took a train for New York with a queer sense of unreality. For she was making the trip in order to do the shopping for her wedding, the marriage, which, nine months earlier, had seemed to promise her a link with death rather than life. And last night, Hugh, eager-eyed, had talked to her with boyish enthusiasm about his preference for lace rather than satin as material for a wedding-gown!

She smiled to herself on the train, as she remembered his happy eyes, his lifted head, almost masking the delicacy of face and form which she trusted the years would gradually transmute to health—the years abetted by her love, on which he depended so utterly. But she became conscious that she was strangely tired. The strain of months seemed to have robbed her of her vitality, of her youth. Later, in the crowded shops, she found herself too utterly weary for decision, selection. In an effort for adjustment, for physical and mental renewing, she took a car for the park, hoping that rest amidst the glamour and charm of Autumnal foliage, with the wine of a perfect day, might strengthen her for sane choice on the morrow.

As she crossed a bridle-path leading around the lake she saw, through the haze of exhaustion which wrapped her about, that a horse and rider were coming toward her at a walk. She had a twinge of recollection, a moment of uncertainty, then the horseman was on foot, by her side. It was Dr. Kerr, larger, cleaner of build than she remembered, but with that characteristic bearing, as of a strong man engrossed in the performance of his share of the

world's work, which she had liked. He gripped her hand cordially, only to drop it with a sharp exclamation.

"You're not well! What's the matter!"

Five minutes later she recovered consciousness. She was lying on the short, dry grass, a policeman's pocket-flask at her lips, Kerr's arm supporting her head, while he gave concise orders to the officer, who shortly departed leading Kerr's horse.

Allison laughed softly, without the smallest consciousness of embarrassment at the situation. It was a joy to lie passive, but perhaps she ought to enlighten this big, ignorant person as to the fact that she was merely tired.

"I'm perfectly well," she said.

He looked down at her with kind, quizzical eyes.

"You hardly appear buxom, my dear Miss Brent! But then, I have always heard that performing miracles is exhausting—to the performer!"

She felt light and comfortable, even gay. Being cared for was pleasant, after long months of self-forgetting thought of another. It might even be pleasant to be bullied a little for a change! In a little, the policeman was back with a hansom. Kerr lifted her in carefully, she was afraid he would ask her address, and memories of her dull boarding-house were not inspiring. But he asked her nothing, giving his own curt orders to the driver, and in a moment they were moving swiftly through the park, the soft, cool air bringing the faintest tints of red back to her face.

"Poor little tired thing!"

Under shelter of the cape of the vehicle he was holding her hand in a clasp at once firm and gentle, and the strong, large fingers infused a sense of human comfort. To her own amazement she began to cry quietly, and tears with her were usually as rare and painful as with a man. But the great drops seemed to relieve her overburdened spirit, in some strange way to rest her.

"That's right, dear!" Kerr's gentleness seemed very natural, blessedly welcome. "I know how tired you are, what right you have to rest. Prade wrote me of you: that you were the strongest and bravest woman he had ever seen, that you practically forced Starrett back to life, the thing I had

thought a human impossibility! Now that I have found you, I'm going to take you to my private sanatorium, where you can rest utterly for a few weeks. Heavens knows you need it."

"But, doctor, I am to be married next month! I came down to buy my *trousseau*. You see I haven't time to rest!"

Kerr laughed, a dry short laugh. "You're in such fit condition to be married! Not that you are unique in that. Most brides are ready for a hospital by the wedding-day, and without your excuse. You are going to get rested first, young woman."

And Allison experienced only a sense of relief.

Three weeks later, she sat in her room at Kerr's little hospital, with Hugh's daily letter upon her knee and a great bowl of the doctor's roses upon her dressing-table. She looked a new creature; youth once more warmed her blood—her slender body seemed renewed, a gallant habitation for the indomitable spirit within. When Kerr came for his morning visit he looked at her approvingly.

"Now you look like a live woman, Miss Brent. I can face Starrett with a clean conscience—"

He broke off abruptly. Great waves of color were flooding her cheeks; delicately pink a moment before they were now a deeper tint than his red roses. Then the flood receded, leaving her white. A flush turned his own dark cheek, as he murmured:

"God, Allison! Is it you, too?"

For a moment he covered his eyes with his hands, then he bent forward and looked at her squarely—regret, triumph, tenderness, in his deep-set eyes.

"We're in the grip of the gods, dear! There's no use denying the obvious! You have promised to marry Starrett! And you have saved him from the jaws of Death, only to find yourself in love with the fool who signed his death-warrant!"

He held both her hands, his dark, keen face somber in the intensity of his perception of this trick Fate was playing upon them. His laugh had in it a curious mingling of humor and bitterness.

For that one minute Allison was dominated by a single idea. All the ideality of

her young womanhood, of her half-maternal tenderness for Starrett, even her sense of obligation to him, were effaced by this burning desire to hear from Kerr a confession of an emotion—vital, passionate deep-rooted as her own.

"Do you love me?"

She breathed rather than spoke it, but her eyes, her beautiful, tense figure, her whole woman-personality spoke for her.

"Do I love you?"

For this one moment he was holding her in the hollow of his arm.

"Do I love you? Yes! As Dante loved Beatrice, as men have loved women from the beginning, with a passion insatiable—the tenderness which protects and the fire which consumes!"

His voice broke, his intensity seemed to sear them both, for to both came the vision of that brave, piteous lover still so lightly linked to the living world of men and women.

She moved away from him, and there was a long silence in the rose-scented, sunlit-room. Allison faced the convictions of her whole life, that for a woman to marry one man when she loves another is an act of treason to self, to the man she marries, to the very purity of womanhood, the honor of sex. And now every ebb and flow of her passionate blood pleaded for these old ideals, against the claim of the man whose life she had renewed.

Kerr raised his head and faced her finally, his effort after self-control making his face a little grim.

"It is you who have the right to decide, Allison. I am yours, brain and body, to take or to reject. I cannot fight Starrett, for if this thing killed him, as it might, I should feel myself his murderer! You, only, have the right to deny him—yourself!"

She was quite calm—her features a little sharpened, her blue eyes questioning, wondering.

"Why—why, do you suppose, were we trapped like this?—when I might so easily never have seen you again? Why have I met you and loved you, after years of caring for Hugh, peacefully, quietly, no dream in my heart of a Love like this? Why has this thing come to you and me, out of all the indifferent, hurrying world?"

His face softened; as she, he seemed for the moment to postpone the issue, the inevitable decision, that he might solve this whimsical riddle of Fate, the riddle which no man and no lover ever solves.

"Don't you remember what you said to me about physicians forgetting to take account of the incalculable human element? That quality is the unknown, perhaps, inherent in the soul as well as the body, making for transformation, for the miracle of new combinations. It is what saved Starrett—and what brought us together!"

She went back to him, and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"I want you to kiss me, dear, this once!"

He kissed her, the shadows under her eyes, the forehead, the childlike mouth.

"I must go back to Hugh. You know it is the only thing."

"I think it may be, for you. But I am only a man, I have only a man's strength!"

She smiled at him, a proud little smile.

"You have given me the great moment of my life; that I can never forget, and that, nothing can take from me! But my duty is to Hugh, he needs me—and trusts me."

"Shall you tell him?"

"How can I? When consciously he would never accept such a sacrifice; nor could he live without it—"

"I know what he must be, or you

would never have cared at all for him—"

But his arms dropped at his sides, and she saw that he looked suddenly gray and old. Then a flash of feeling crossed his face; she felt the tumult within him, the rebellion of the will against the conviction of the spirit. A great fear gripped her. She laid her hand across his eyes, for she could not word her thought while he looked at her.

"Dear, will you always understand, that my feeling for him is a real thing, a good thing? I mean—you might think a woman—base who could live out the forms—of love—without the great passion, the consuming fire of body and soul! But I have saved Hugh; it was no accident. I made him live! And he is near and precious to me. There will always be honor, tenderness, loyalty in my heart for him. And yet—for you—Oh!—can you understand?"

For a moment he laid his face against her breast, hearing her heart throbs, knowing the most exquisite torment and temptation of his life. Then at last he raised his head. He kissed her hands, and again her lips. It was their farewell; however they might meet again, the wall of that decision would be between them.

"I understand—and I will always remember," he said.

Then he was gone, out of the room, out of her life!

The Hancock Strike

BY WALLACE RICE

CURIOSLY typical of several phases of American life was the procession Andrew Devere headed down Washington street to the Hancock Building that warm May afternoon. He strode at its head, a nervous, erect figure in spite of his iron-gray hair and beard. By his side walked a tall, fair young man, who was assuredly more at ease than any of the twenty-five working people who followed them. Seven of these were girls still in what would have been the flush of youth had not their pallor proclaimed long sunless days of labor in the factory. Apart

from this, it was their masculine companions who proclaimed their class—like all American girls they were arrayed with a style and jauntiness that in another land would have belied their station.

They were making history—industrial history—these twenty-seven, though they were quite unaware of it. All except the two at their head were operatives in the great Hancock works, the home-factory of H. Clay Hancock, head of a far-reaching combination of manufacturers, and the richest and most successful of them all. He had signalized the grasp that he

and his associates had recently obtained upon American industry by three successive reductions in the wages of his working-people and by introducing a system of sub-foremen, young men selected because of their skill and rapidity in setting a pace for others to follow. His operatives, long resident in a world remote from labor disturbances and troubles, might have gone on dwelling there indefinitely, in spite of earnings less by one-fourth than formerly, but the additional work wrested from them by the device of the sub-foremen had left them with ears open for the tales of a promised land beyond told them by Andy Devere, Vice-Grand Chief of the United Factory Hands of America. Had they pursued the thought a little further, they would have known that at this moment he was leading them toward the banks of a sea very red indeed and, if history meant anything, certain to become redder.

As they came to the broad entrance to the Hancock Building the procession became a crowd, every one hastening lest he be left behind the leader. They thronged up the marble staircase into the rooms set apart for the use of Mr. Francis L. Jefferies, general manager of the Hancock factory. In the ante-chamber to his private office a crowd of eager reporters met Devere with interrogation in their eyes and on their lips. He greeted most of them by name one by one.

"You all know what we're here for, boys," he said in his soft Southern drawl; "and when we come out you'll all know more than we know now."

"It's the grievance committee, isn't it?" asked one young fellow, evidently new to the work. He was quickly silenced by the others. But one of the others caught sight of Devere's companion, in spite of an evident effort on his part to reduce his height and remain unobserved.

"Hi there!" he exclaimed. "There's Jack Barry of the *Globe*. I thought there weren't going to be any newspapermen in at the interview."

"Don't be a scab," said Devere quickly, and in the laugh that followed, Barry escaped with the members of the committee into the inner office, Devere rounding up the rest in quite the professional manner of a cowboy with his herd.

Mr. Jefferies sat at his broad table-desk in the far corner by an open window. Between him and his visitors stretched a long table with chairs on one of its sides. He looked up, nodded to Devere, who had arranged for the interview, and that dignitary saw that the seven girls in his company were seated beside him. Barry stood behind his chair. The men gathered awkwardly in the corners of the room, evidently as strange to their surroundings as the surroundings were to them. Never before had the emissaries of organized labor profaned the offices of the Hancock works, and Mr. Jefferies had an air of resignation that proclaimed as much. He spoke, ignoring Devere:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

A confused silence followed, due to the efforts of his comrades to bring forward the chairman of the committee. He was finally shoved forward to the farther end of the table in the person of Tom Ossipper, a stooping, worn moulder of iron, selected for his unhappy position because of his lifelong willingness to express an opinion on any subject at any time. The silence grew embarrassing as he stood there, awkwardly fumbling with his spectacles, then with his notes. As a matter of fact he represented, in his single self, the collective and dreadful joy which had been shudderingly felt by all of his colleagues on finding their names in the newspapers, of which they had been in only a slight degree divested by the assurance of Mr. Jefferies to Devere that no member of the committee should be made to suffer for his forwardness.

Ossipper was seldom coherent. Each of the twenty-five local unions, representing as many departments in the factory, had formulated their grievances after it had been settled that Ossipper was to read them, and some of the assertions were extravagantly bold in consequence. Mr. Jefferies, an able and by no means austere man, with no conception of the gravity of the situation, contrived not to smile, but there was a twinkle in his eyes as he listened, which made Barry wish, out of his sympathy for men and women really oppressed that he had tried to lick the reports into shape.

The reporter, with the quick observa-

tion of his kind, had noticed that the door on Mr. Jefferies' right was standing ajar when he came in. When Ossipper finished, Devere beckoned him down while he whispered.

"They're taking it all down in shorthand behind that door."

A thought that some similar action would

"Surely the young ladies are not complaining of sub-foremen when we have placed none in their departments."

As he spoke there was a slight noise behind the partly opened door beside him, and he turned his head that way for an instant, the eyes of all the others in the room following his. When his gaze returned



DRAWN BY D. F. FREDERICK

They bent over, oblivious to everything

have been equally wise for the labor-union to have adopted mingled with Barry's sense that Ossipper, in spite of his disorganized and repetitious report, had still contrived to bring forward the sub-foremen as a real grievance, felt as a deeper indignity than any reduction in wages. Mr. Jefferies must have felt it, too, for he turned to Jean Campbell, the most personable of the women present, and said with a smile:

again to Jean she replied, with much coloring and equal decision:

"We object on the men's account; and we are all afraid we're going to get them too."

At that moment the door swung slowly open, as if without an impelling cause, and against the darkness of the passageway beyond was presented the figure of the Hon. H. Clay Hancock himself, no other. His pallid face framed in white

hair gave him a ghostly look which intensified the uncanny feeling induced by the manner of the door's coming open. Indeed, with the light Spring suit which the magnate wore, Barry himself had a little sensation of fright.

But even that tremor did not prepare him for the visible shrinking back of everybody in the room except Devere and himself, when his employer recognized the little-seen figure of their master. Even the girls, Jean with the rest, moved back in their seats, as if really frightened, and a scuffling from the corners of the room showed that the men were readjusting themselves with an instinctive view to escaping recognition. As for Ossip, he regained his place with the others stealthily and with trepidation. A moment later and Barry was even more shocked to see in Jean's eyes a glance of evident surprise and admiration directed to himself, evidently because he had not shrunk backward like the rest. To her, as to the others, they were confronted with the incarnation of their means of living; from the short, slight, intellectual-looking man before them came food, clothing, shelter, a home—all that they valued in this life was held on his sufferance.

Mr. Hancock stepped forward to the table, near the desk of Mr. Jefferies, his shoulders back and head erect, as if in challenge. Adjusting his eye-glasses, with a selective glance about him which finally rested on Barry as the one present best worth looking at, he began reading a peacefully prepared series of reasons for the recent reduction of wages in the factory.

The question of sub-foremen he did not touch upon, but it appeared that he held times to be very bad, and the business of the corporation falling off everywhere. He had nothing to say, either, about the surplus accumulated in fatter years, which gave the stock of his company a value far above par. But he did explain that it had become so nearly impossible for his agents to obtain orders for his manufactures that he himself—Jack noted irreverently that, though Mr. Hancock had made no gesture of deference when he began to speak, he bowed slightly whenever he mentioned himself—had been compelled to go in person to his friends at the head of other great

corporations, and offer them goods at prices even below the actual cost of production.

"In that way," explained Mr. Hancock, "we threw away not less than thirty thousand dollars on a single order for iron castings, half as much for an order I obtained for brass finishings, and five thousand dollars for one order turned into the wood-working department; making a total of fifty thousand dollars which this company has actually given away on your behalf during the past winter, in order to keep you at work at such wages as we could afford to pay."

The address, most impressively read, was concluded with a voluntary repetition of Mr. Jefferies' promise of immunity to those present, and a somewhat condescending wish for the speedy return of concord; and the end of it was taken as a tacit signal for the breaking up of the meeting. Nothing was said by any of the operatives on the way out, though the reporters crowded about them again with renewed eagerness. Devere, who always had his wits about him at such a time, threw them off the scent by saying:

"Boys, Mr. Hancock has a statement waiting for you inside."

With a single impulse the newspapermen rushed into the inner office, and there actually surprised the distant Mr. Hancock into promising to send copies of his remarks to the various papers in time for publication, an unprecedented action on his part, and one which bespoke his belief in the conclusiveness of his effort.

"Come down to the office for a minute," Devere shouted to his followers as the reporters went out, and the procession again took up its desultory march along Washington street to the Alliance Building, where the grand officers of the United Factory Hands of America had established their headquarters. Devere and Barry walked ahead in silence, the former stopping only once, to pick up two or three pieces of discarded carbon from the electric-lights along the thoroughfare. Those behind congratulated Jean on her bravery, in terms which left no doubt of their belief in it, and then fell to complimenting Ossip ironically on the excellence of his reading—an irony which was wholly lost on the old man, who was intoxicated with

a notoriety too long deferred for his unaccustomed wits to withstand.

Devere went into his offices first, clicking the bits of carbon as he walked. He went to his little desk and sat down. The girls perched themselves on a wrapping table along the wall facing him, and the men crowded in anywhere, Barry with the rest.

"Well," said Devere impatiently, "what do you think about it now, eh?" His drawl was noticeable.

"We all think there aint anything more to be done," replied Ossipper, assured of his spokesmanship, and went on, "Of course—"

"I don't care what the others think," broke in Devere; they're here and can speak for themselves. What we all are waiting for is what you think yourself."

The scowl at the interruption passed from the iron-moulder's heavy face at the compliment he was able to extract from the desire for his opinion following.

"I think," he said, "that we ought to thank Mr. Hancock for being so kind to us. Why, he has thrown away fifty thousand dollars just to keep us in work."

There was a murmur and a nodding of heads to show that the speech had the approval of the room; and Jack Barry saw that the operatives would gladly have ended all their opposition on the spot. But that was not Devere's intention.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" he exclaimed rising to his feet with a squareness and solidity which bespoke his leadership. "We'll put that down," and turning to the wall he scratched a big "\$50,000" on the roughly finished plastering with one of the carbons.

"What did you tell me your wages were on an average, before the first cut?" he demanded, generally.

"Two dollars a day," was the ready answer.

"Put that down," said Devere, and he did it. "How much are you getting now?"

"Dollar 'n' half," the chorus came.

"Put that down and subtract," spoke Devere, his drawl disappearing as he went on. "How much does that make?"

"Fifty cents," said they all, as alert as children who know the lesson.

"How many are there of you in the works, altogether?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

"Put that down and multiply! What's the result?"

The answer was not so immediate; but they followed the bit of carbon eagerly, and came out strong with—

"Twelve hundred 'n' fifty—"

"What?" yelled Devere.

"Dollars!" they shouted back, as he affixed the sign to the number.

"That's the net saving per day," said Devere sarcastically, and it was evident that the crowd was beginning to grasp his intention.

"How many days since the cut?" he went on.

"Three months 'n' a haff," said some, and Jean Campbell made them laugh by remarking, precisely, "One hundred and eight days."

"Call it a hund'ed," responded their leader, recovering his customary drawl, "and multiply. What's the answer?"

There was some hesitation, even when the figures were duly set down; but Jean and Barry led them in saying, roundly:

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars!"

"Take fifty thousand dollars from that!"

"Seventy-five thousand—"

"What?" yelled Devere again.

"Dollars!" came back the answer, in such volume that doors could soon be heard opening and closing down the hall in the silence that ensued.

No one was seated now. Women and men, Jack as anxious as the rest, stood in tense attitudes in front of the Vice-Grand Chief, all of them aware of the significance of the ciphering, all with faces set and hard except for a sneer here and there.

"How many departments in the works?" asked Devere.

"Twenty-five," said the crowd, almost whispering.

"How many did he take losing contracts in?" questioned the chief, his voice small and close.

"Three," was the response.

"And you aint going to have any more sub-foremen, are ye?"

The answer was a howl, in which rage was manifest for the first time.

"In other words, you easy people," summed up their leader, speaking more

slowly than ever, "because old man Hancock put fifty thousand dollars into three departments with one hand, and took a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars out o' twenty-five departments with the other hand, you're going to cry over him, aint ye?"

"No!" "Never!" came from all over the room, Jack yelling with the rest.

"And what do all these figures prove?" came as a final query.

While the working-people hesitated for the answer wanted, Devere, in four words, shattered all the fear felt for the remote employer, and brought down the house of cards years of too great confidence in their meekness had built up, thundering out his own reply:

"Hancock lied to ye!"

Jack Barry went back to the office and wrote his story for the *Globe*.

He rode home quite happy, the city-editor having condescended to say, from reading the proofs, that it was "good stuff." He got in bed with head whirling with pictures of magnates, labor-leaders, and pretty working-girls, his last impression being that it was the most interesting day he had ever spent. You see, Jack was just out of the university, and real life was fascinating.

He arose long before his usual hour, thinking to be first at the office in order to receive the congratulations of his fellow reporters, who had, he noticed in regard to others, a pleasant way of saying nice things to a man who had done clever work. Something stayed his progress as he passed the Alliance Building, and he decided to compare notes with Andy Devere as a pre-

liminary to his day's work. He went in. Greatly to his surprise the office and hall outside were crowded with men whose excitement was manifest.

"We've struck!" was the exclamation he heard on every side, and when he had at last made his way to Devere's desk, that worthy motioned the crowd into the outer room and said, profanely and wearily:

"The blasted fools have struck and the devil's to pay!"

Considering that Andy's explosive speech of the night before was entirely responsible for the Hancock people's hasty and unconsidered action, Barry's eager sympathies received a shock.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Old Ossipper got drunk because he was a hero," said the labor-leader with his slow

drawl, "and the foreman wouldn't let him go to work when the whistle blew this morning. So the whole fool bunch decided that Hancock's pledge not to fire members of the committee was broken, and they all walked out and most of 'em came down here. I've sent for Tresser."

Tresser was the Grand Chief of the United Factory Hands, and it was in his fertile brain that the project of uniting all the manufacturing operatives in the country had had its birth. He was long known as a labor agitator, one organization after another taking him in and letting him out, as his real character became known. He was as unstable as water, given to drink, and almost certain to involve any organization with which he was connected in troubles, only to avoid them at the critical moment by a long bout of intoxication.



DRAWN BY O. F. FREDERICK

He stood there awkwardly

But his popularity was undeniable, for he was in a real sense an orator, and his rounded and flowery periods could sway multitudes in a way denied to Devere's rougher statements of plain fact.

Arranging to meet Tresser—Felix Tresser—when he arrived, Jack went on to his office, and was in no way disappointed in the reception accorded him, a new man on the staff, by the old-timers, and began a career which made every day more fascinating than the last. You see, Barry was newly from the university, and the great realities of the world struck him as of even more interest than football—which he would not have believed possible the autumn before.

The *Globe* was on the side of the strikers, not because it shared in its labor-reporter's sympathy for them, but because at a remote day there had been some slight passed upon the family of its owner and publisher by the Hancock ladies. This made Jack's work as easy as it was delightful. Every day news was poured into his lap from every source, while his competitors, working on papers hostile to the cause, were left in the cold. His salary was increased, his allowance of expense money made larger, and he became a sort of little czar holding daily court among the laboring-people whom, up to that time, he had equally admired and avoided.

Tresser came, spoke to admiring thousands, saw that the men in the other factories which were undertaking to fill Hancock's neglected orders were duly organized and called out, and went south to perform a similar kindly service for the employees in the other trust factories. Devere sat tight, and did what he could to make trouble. It came, and the quiet town, which had never known anything more disturbing than the minor difficulties in the building-trades every other spring, came to know the meaning of having thousands of factory hands idle in its streets.

The troubles were numerous and multifarious. Devere denied all knowledge of them to Barry, but his suspicions were aroused by the class of men with whom the Vice-Grand Chief began to sustain confidential relations.

"See that fellow?" said one of his fellow-reporters in the street one afternoon.

Barry looked across at an evil-looking person whom he had seen an hour before come out of Andy's private office after a long conference.

"Well," said his companion, "that's the chap that tried to kill Hancock five years ago. They've just let him out of the pen."

The connection was not clear, but circumstantial evidence was not lacking. The attempt of the Hancock management to bring in operatives from out of town was followed with riots and serious injuries to the newcomers. The ex-convict and his comrades were always in Devere's office before such an outbreak. The labor-leader, who was candor itself regarding all the other details of his campaign, said nothing of these affairs.

The strike reached its height in less than a month. Rioting increased. No more men were brought in from out of town, partly because the opposition newspapers in their anxiety to injure the cause of the factory hands overshot the mark and frightened them away, partly because Hancock's own business associates saw that the disturbances were greatly injuring the commercial as distinguished from the industrial interests of the city.

It was at this culminating point that Jack, happening to remark in his little dimmed enthusiasm to the city-editor that the United Factory Hands were certain to win, was sent to get some interviews on the subject with the leading financial interests in the place. Chief representative of these was old General Ezra Parmiter, president of the Ozark National Bank, and with a finger in every successful enterprise his money and that of his bank had built up.

He welcomed the *Globe* reporter when he appeared, and settled himself for a long talk after Jack had stated his present impressions. The general believed that his utterances were indeed pearls of wisdom from the lips of age, and thought it his duty to let the light of hard reality shine upon the theoretical enthusiasms of youth. First, with the habit of years, he obtained from Barry all the information that led him to his belief in the strikers' success; then gave his own mature judgment.

"All that you say is very convincing,



DRAWN BY D. F. FREDERICK

The door swung slowly open as if without an impending cause—

Mr. Barry," he began, "but have you ever thought that money generally wins?"

"But you don't believe that, Mr. Parmiter!" exclaimed Jack eagerly. "You don't think that money is bound to win, right or wrong!"

"There isn't any right or wrong to this, my boy," said the banker dispassionately. "It's nothing but a question of dollars and cents. Tresser and Devere want more, Hancock wants less. That's the only issue: wages—dollars and cents."

"But they're going to win," urged Jack, rather feebly. His ideals were staggering.

"They can't," said the other. "A strike's a business proposition—like the rest of them. An employer like Hancock has to figure on a settlement in an emergency like this. Don't you suppose he will make the best bargain he can?"

"Yes," replied Jack, not quite sure what the financier was driving at.

"Now, I don't believe, with old Walpole," said the banker, sententiously, "that 'every man has his price.' But in the business world everything and everybody has its value. Do you follow me?"

Jack said he did, but he exaggerated.

"Well," Parmiter went on, "which will be cheaper: higher wages to the operatives, or a lump sum placed where it will be most beneficial?"

Barry went back to his office after seeing some other men of moment in local finance. He didn't write out the Parmiter interview; it did not seem advisable. But he confided his new thought to the entirely receptive city-editor.

"If this strike's lost, it will be because Devere and Tresser have been bought off."



DRAWN BY D. F. FREDERICK

—and there was presented the figure of Hon. H. Clay Hancock

"All right. You watch 'em and see when they get it," said the city-editor.

The next week that was all Jack had to do. One of the former sub-foremen in the Hancock works had been acting as night-watchman; and through his testimony the jailbird who had been so intimate with Devere had been held over to the grand jury on a charge of attempted arson. He had been seen to pour kerosene over a pile of rubbish at the corner of one of the mills and was taken in the act of setting fire to it.

That night, the night after the arrest, the night-watchman's little home had burned. His wife escaped although severely hurt; his half-grown daughter died as a result of fright and injuries received; and the town went mad against the unknown perpetrators of the crime.

The *Globe* saw a great light, and it re-

versed its policy in instant obedience to the popular will. Where it had praised, it now blamed. Its labor heroes of the day before became the accessories to the fiendish deeds of the day after. Being a new convert to the cause, it went to lengths the other papers had thought inadvisable, and the scoring it gave Devere and his followers was magnificent. As it knew more about them than the other papers owing to its original attitude, it had more to say, and the truth it disclosed hurt to the quick.

Jack Barry's pride suffered an instant fall. In his inexperience he had thought his own personality had built up his popularity with Devere and his followers; he learned that such tribute as he had received was paid to his office as a *Globe* reporter, and not in the least to Jack Barry himself. It was a hard lesson, but still another followed close upon it.

For he was speedily made to understand that no man with his university training, his careful habit of speech, his neat and rather particular attire, could possibly be held in sympathy with men who lived by the daily labor of their hands, who spoke rudely and carelessly, and whose dress was that of their position in life. In every respect Barry was in the same category as the employers then under hatred. He was assumed to agree with them from tacit signs which gave the lie to all the sentiments he might express. Never before had the reporter believed there were class distinctions in America; now he knew that, even if they were not made by the refined and leisurely in the community, they were certain to be made by the rest.

Existence and daily toil, once so honorable and easy, became difficult overnight. The *Globe*, venomous with its change of policy, was still less venomous than the laboring-men. One or two little tests of strength in which Jack had indulged earlier now stood to prevent bodily harm being offered him. But groups of eager talkers broke up when he approached. Confidences were withheld. News-getting was impossible. He stood friendless in the midst of enemies. Yet his one function, as he outlined it to himself, was to prevent these men who hated him so from being betrayed by their leaders.

Tresser was back in town, predicting a speedy victory. Laboring-men all over the country were striking in every shop that handled the Hancock company's products as raw material for their own wares. The boycott was general. The trust-shops were closed from one ocean to the other. The plight of the employer seemed great. Surrender was close at hand.

Barry sat dejectedly in the ante-room outside the office in which Tresser and Devere were conferring with some of their subordinates. It was raining outside. The young man was alone in a crowd of strikers who were whispering to one another the rumor that Hancock had offered to take the men back if they would renounce the union with the United Factory Hands.

A young operative came through the crowd and knocked at the door of the inner office.

"The hacks are down-stairs," Jack heard him announce.

Out came Tresser and Devere.

"We'll never give up the union, boys," said Devere, leaving it to be inferred that they were going to a conference with Hancock himself. Cheers were given. "Good luck!" came from throat after throat. The men crowded about their leaders and escorted them down the stairs in a solid body, Jack walking without and alone.

In the rainy street two carriages were standing. Without a word Barry mounted the box of the first one, as he saw Devere open the door for his chief. The door slammed shut, and the driver, who evidently had his instructions, drove into the storm. Jack was drinking up the rain like blotting-paper. Just in front of the Academy of Music the horses pulled up.

"Far as we go," announced the driver. "I'm going back to the stable."

"I'm going wherever your passengers do," announced Jack in turn.

"There ain't no passengers," said the hackman, with a grin. He was in sympathy with the strikers and knew who Jack was.

Not to be deluded into getting down and having the carriage whipped up and driven away without him, Barry grasped the lantern at his side, leaned over, and looked into the carriage. It was entirely empty.

Through his quick mind darted impressions from his readings of Du Boisgobey, Gaboriau, and the rest, where it was the commonest of tricks for a man watched too closely to step in and through one carriage, only to enter another close behind.

"Drive to the *Globe* office," said Jack.

The hackman hesitated, took in his companion's stalwart proportions and manner of command, and drove the reporter to face his city-editor. He had had nothing to do for a fortnight but watch the strike-leaders, and they had got away from him by a worn-out trick the first time they tried. He could have cried.

The city-editor grasped his state of mind as he grasped the significance of his story.

"Here you, Jim, Hugh, Charlie!" he called out to three of the reporters who were idling away the rainy and uneventful



DRAWN BY D. F. FREDERICK

"Hancock lied to ye!"

evening in the local-room just without. "Get a move on you! Jack's lost Tresser and Devere, and there's a chance that they are settling the strike at this minute. I'm going to send him home. Go out after them. If you see any of the other fellows, start them out, too. Don't come back to the office till you get something—anything."

"But—" said Jack, as the others rushed away.

"But me no 'buts'," said his superior officer gayly. "You're used up. You couldn't help it. Tresser and Devere are old stagers. Got your wagon down-stairs? All right, ride home in it and charge it on your expense account. I don't want you sick."

Jack, still thinking, went back to his hackman, who grinned again when he saw him. The reporter had a thought—one of those inspirations which were going to

lead him to national prominence in his newspaper-career.

"Drive to General Parmiter's house," he ordered, and climbed aboard—inside this time.

Afterward Barry believed he saw a look of surprise on the man's face, but it was not until afterward. Just then he was thinking that Parmiter's words were coming true, and that the secret conference to which the labor-leaders were being hurried was to settle the strike, truly enough, but in the way the banker had suggested, and not as the factory-hands believed.

He dismissed the rig at the door of the Parmiter house, and rang the bell. Much to his surprise—for the Parmiters lived in style if anybody did—the old General answered the call himself. Jack put out his hand, plainly visible in the light under the *porte cochère*, but Parmiter ignored it.

Without a word he led him inside, down and across a long hall, and into the drawing room, brilliantly lighted near the door, dark elsewhere.

"Where is your partner?" said the banker as he turned about. His entire manner changed on the instant.

"Why it's you, Mr. Barry!" he exclaimed as he took his hand. "I am delighted. You are just the man I wanted to see."

Jack was puzzled, and said as much.

"I very much need a witness to some business I have on hand, and my brother has just telephoned he cannot come," the financier explained. "I have a favor to ask," he went on. "Would it be asking too much to have you take a comfortable chair just behind this glass screen"—leading the way to the other end of the darkened room—"for half an hour." The bell rang in the butler's pantry. "There, all right. You were just in time," and the bewildered Jack sank into the chair as Parmiter hastened to the door for the second time.

From his seat, where he could see perfectly without being seen, Jack recognized at a glance the figures of Tresser and Devere as they followed the old General into the room and were seated under the flaming electrolier. He could hear, too, every word that passed between them, the voice of the banker being raised a little, as if to make it certain.

"I suppose we need waste no words," said the old gentleman, with a note of disgust audible in his tone. "Here are certified checks for twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, both payable to bearer. They will be cashed anywhere, or you may deposit them in my bank—this latter without endorsement."

"Checks!" said the precious pair, with anger behind the word; and Tresser added, more amiably,

"It will take cash, Mr. Parmiter, and we will not accept any bill bigger than a twenty."

"Very well," was the reply, "I had expected as much," and he drew from his pockets two parcels wrapped in brown paper.

But the next move of the two was unexpected. They tore off the wrappings,

placed the thin bundles of green and yellow paper on their respective knees, and began to count. It was rather sorry work they made of it, and time was passing.

"Here," said General Parmiter, "hadn't you better draw up to the table."

The two hardly raised their eyes, but hunched their chairs up to the elaborate specimen of carving and inlaid work near them, setting to counting again as soon as the banknotes rested on the polished surface. They bent over, oblivious to everything about them, wetting their dry fingers from time to time, and taking breaths deep enough for Jack to hear.

It was slow and unaccustomed work, but Tresser finally announced, with satisfaction.

"Twenty-five thousand even," and his partner echoed him in another minute.

"Twenty-five thousand even."

Devere arose first, packing the bills deep in his trouser-pocket. Tresser was more deliberate. He unbuttoned the upper half of his waistcoat, and placed the bundle painstakingly inside. He stood up and extended his hand to General Parmiter, saying,

"Good-night, sir, and thank you."

The banker strode forward in silence, ignoring the proffered hand. Tresser tossed his head and followed, his eyes in the air. Devere followed, his head hung down. The door closed upon them.

Barry came forward to meet the old general as he returned.

"Heavens, general!" he burst out.

"Dirty work, my boy," he answered, too much of a gentleman to say "I told you so."

Barry sank into a chair. The banker took a look at him, went out hastily, and returned with some liquor.

"Come to me whenever you want a favor, Barry," said the old man, as he took Jack's arm to the door. "I shan't forget to-night—nor will you," he added gently.

"Forget?" Those two mean, sordid, money-counting figures in that splendid setting, engaged in the work they were? Never! For then and there the Hancock strike was lost. During two weeks more the fight was kept up, and then, on a sudden, no one could explain why in detail, it went to pieces. You've read the reason.

Diversities of Gifts

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

THE TRAIN pulled slowly into the station. As the lights became visible and the rattle of trucks and bumping of trunks punctuated the *diminuendo* of the wheels, Miss Covington, who was adjusting a blue veil before the mirror, stooped and peered out of the window of the Pullman. Her face, one would have said, was that of a woman nearing thirty. It looked tired, but it was bright with the pleasantest expression of anticipation—the look of a person who knows she is always eagerly expected.

She was not disappointed. As she emerged upon the platform, slender and striking, suit-case and umbrella in hand, a decisive hand and arm anticipated the conductor, and a tall man took her in his arms. He was thin, his glance was keen, and he possessed a nervous sort of strength.

"Hello!" was his sole spoken greeting. But look and gesture were unmistakable, and his sister felt herself welcomed home. Almost immediately he turned to a dark-eyed, quietly handsome girl who stood waiting at his elbow with, "Honora, here's the celebrity!"

Honora, naturally a trifle embarrassed by this first meeting with Dan's distinguished sister, nevertheless came forward with a quiet and convincing sweetness of welcome. It was an embarrassment that became her; her sister-in-law at once perceived something of the child—a sort of shy, almost boyish awkwardness in the presence of emotion, thoroughly charming—in this tall young person, Dan's wife of a year. She towered above Miss Covington, who was accustomed to think herself tall rather than otherwise; and Honora's beautiful young amplexity of figure made her sister-in-law oddly conscious of the rather severe distinction of her own slenderness.

She walked down the station-platform between them, relieved by one or the other of all her possessions, and up the concrete steps to the street-car, sturdy sprigs of talk blossoming up between brother and sister as they went. They always strode hardily back into the old intimacy, no matter how long or eventful the separa-

tion. In their common scorn of the obvious, and their mutual inclination to scamper as quickly as possible across the thin ice of sentiment, they often seemed more like two brothers than like brother and sister. And Honora was a distinct relief to Miss Covington. She smiled now, to think she had ever doubted Dan for a moment; he was constitutionally incapable of marrying an effusive person.

On the front seat of the trolley-car, the hair and veils of the women whipped about their faces by the grateful breeze, Dan Covington contentedly studied his sister's face. There was a look of success about her: success without its complacency, its aggressiveness, its grosser tendencies; keeping only its animation, its sureness, its visible refinements. There was something a trifle haughty, undeniably, in that most delicate curve of the nose, in the turn of the nostril; and yet the mouth was still as defencelessly pliant as a child's. There was the pretty hair, forever blowing about her face, as it had always done. That mouth might have taken a disappointed downward tendency, he reflected, and the eyes might, quite as naturally, have looked out upon life with a difficult patience. There had been symptoms of such an outcome, he thought, when he had last seen her. Now, however, a visible well-being rested upon her whole personality like dew upon the petals of a rose. She had the look, indeed, of one to whom success is new; of one to whom it has come at just the psychological moment: after long effort has made its achievement doubly delightful, and before the elasticity is gone from the taut string of youth.

Dan himself had not the look. He exhaled effort—long, sustained, and incomplete—as his sister exhaled achievement. And, to Dan's mind, this was as it should be. There would have been something fundamentally wrong about the cosmic scheme of things, if Beverley had failed to get her heart's desires. In reality, some two years younger of the two, he had early shot ahead of her to his six feet of stature, thereby ocularly demonstrating his right

to assume the rôle of elder brother, which Beverley, who was as docile about some things as she was imperious about others, had unquestioningly accepted. Dan was conscious of a rare stir of pure delight; his own worries, for the time being, slipped out of mind.

"Things look natural, Sis?" he asked, as they sped along the main street of the small city, and he watched her eager and amused recognition of familiar places. "Much changed?"

"No," she answered, "they haven't changed at all, I think; they've just shrunk; of course there's a universal shrinkage—" And then she added, laying an impulsive hand on the hand of each, as she sat between them, "Except you and Honora."

Honora blushed and Dan laughed; but he was pleased that she had already included Honora in the warmth of her love for him. What he said was, "Oh, of course, we expect you to look down on us now—skyscrapers, scheme of life, and all. See! There's the youngest skyscraper in captivity. We think it's pretty fine. Of course we sha'n't attempt to look big to you, though. Just tolerate us as long as you can; that's all we ask."

They left the car presently and walked a few blocks through a pleasant neighborhood, new to Miss Covington; it was a colony of cottages which had grown up since her last visit. They stopped at last at a tiny house with windows cheerfully alight. There was a neat concrete walk and curbing, and a bit of velvety lawn spread out like a green napkin on each side of the walk. Here, for the first time, Honora unconsciously took the lead, with a shy young dignity, as if she were coming into her own domain. Beverley followed delightedly.

"Honeysuckle on the porch!" she cried, pausing on the steps to look about her. "How sweet it is! And how deliciously appropriate—for you two young turtle-doves;" she added, her eyes resting upon them with a sudden, teasing affection, as they stood together waiting for her to enter.

It was Dan's turn to tease now. "Yes, it will do very well for ordinary, poor folks," he rejoined easily. There was no humility discernible in his aspect as he looked at his complacent little sister.

"Dan!" she said, reprovingly.

But Dan laughed again, when, with the helpless honesty which had always kept her in his power, the eyes met his a trifle guiltily in their reproach. She had proven herself, and he knew she consciously felt herself fitted for things on a larger scale.

In an incredibly short time after their arrival, Honora, who was her own cook, housekeeper, and maid, had dinner ready. By some Napoleonic stratagem of housewifery, which she eagerly explained to Beverley (and which Beverley was at a loss to understand) it had almost prepared itself in her absence. Meantime, under Dan's guidance, her sister-in-law was exploring the little house. Beverley was entirely pleased. The plain little rooms were quietly, simply furnished; there were a few good prints of famous pictures, a Rookwood vase, a Stevenson calendar—Beverley noted them all with swift approval. No chromos, no tidies, no crayon portraits to vex her fastidious soul.

"Oh Dan!" she said softly, laying her cheek suddenly against his shoulder, as they stood side by side reading the familiar phrases of Stevenson's "Task"—"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less—" "Oh Dan!" she said, "you're—you're nice! I really think I've trained you very well."

Dan laughed, a deep-chested, delighted laugh. For all their horror of the specifically sentimental, there had been always times when their affection came out with a childlike directness.

"I think I'm intrinsically nice," said Dan, pluming himself. Then he squeezed her arm in his long, hard fingers. "Oh, you little fastidious imp!" he said. "You little, cream-loving, luxurious kitten! Wouldn't I be just as nice, now, if I had red-plush furniture and pictorial advertisements in my parlor?"

"No, you wouldn't," she retorted, teased but obstinate. "You wouldn't be you."

He sat down on the arm of a big leather chair and pulled her to him.

"See here," he said, "success isn't good for you. You like it too well."

She drew away from him and sat down opposite him, her delicate, serious face a little flushed, her eyes meeting his insistently, though her lips smiled.

"I do like it," she said slowly, "but I don't believe it hurts me."

"Do you remember our old arguments," said her brother, grinning in reminiscent enjoyment, "in those strenuous days when we labored under the responsibility of settling all the moral questions in the universe, about the virtues of asceticism? Do you remember how you used to insist that the hardest of all renunciations is to renounce what you want and have never had? 'It's always easy for me to despise the vanities I've got,' you used to maintain. 'It's the vanities I've never had a chance at that I respect. Don't you think it would be all right to get them, so I can throw 'em away and despise 'em?'"

She laughed enjoyingly. They were both back, for the moment, in the midst of the old boy and girl discussions.

"Well, I got 'em at last, didn't I, Dan?" She laughed, with the unashamed triumph of pinafore days.

"Yes, you've got 'em," said Dan, still grinning. "But the question that occurs to me is: Are you going to give 'em up?"

She sobered. "I could," she declared slowly.

Dan's grin broadened. "You could," he admitted, "but would you?"

"Well," she demanded illogically, "why should I?"

"To prove your theory, woman," said Dan; "to vindicate your femininity. It's just the moment; you'll never look upon its like again. You've finally got the thing you've always wanted, and you are in a beautiful position to give them up. Nothing simpler. You have only to burn your book, endow a ward in a hospital, throw over that bloated-bondholder in Chicago, and marry—well, say a Baptist preacher. You used to believe, I remember, in the duty of mortifying the flesh, on general principles. You used to have serious doubts about the right of everybody to enjoy himself in his favorite way, be it ever so innocuous. Your position, I take it, was that famous one of the Puritans on the question of bear-baiting: 'Not because it gave pain to the bear,' you remember, 'but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.' I am recalling to you your theory, you understand."

"And my practice?" prompted his sis-

ter, with glimmering eyes and mocking lips.

"Oh, as to practice, you followed your destiny, like the rest of us—that is, those of us who are strong enough, or selfish enough. It's the unselfish people who get side-tracked." Dan smiled at her as men smile only at their little sisters grown up, as he delivered this blow from the shoulder. "You couldn't have helped seeking your affinities, if you'd tried. For all you are so meek, you're not easily thwarted. Your rebellions always took the form of a pining, heartrending sort of submission, you know, much more harrowing to contemplate than storming and fuming. You seemed like some meek creature suffering mortally for the lack of its natural atmosphere. And yet you would have kept your back to the wall and your face to Fate to the bitter end. The fact is, my dear, that the common lot bores you, and you would rather die than be bored. You are a provocation to a philosopher. With that cocky little new income you're so proud of, and the aforesaid bloated-bondholder in Chicago, you suggest renunciations by a natural association of ideas."

Honora appeared in the doorway at this juncture, her dark cheeks flushed from the heat of the kitchen, her dark eyes shy and bright, an ample, spotless white apron covering her young, maternal figure. Her sister-in-law looked at her, and a new meaning flashed into Dan's words. He was interpreting her in the light of Honora. He might as well compare her with the home-instinct personified.

She felt herself blushing inwardly; no doubt, in that conjunction, she seemed a cold, self-seeking, inhuman sort of person. "But she likes it," she defended herself obstinately; "not only the human part, that any right-minded person would like, but the very pots and pans! I can tell it from the expression of her apron-strings." And then, with a shrewdness that was a trifle malicious, she added, "And she hasn't an interest that couldn't be buttoned up into Dan's smoking jacket! She's a sweet soul, a wonderful young domestic goddess, but she doesn't know his mind."

Dan, who from his seat on the chair-arm had been watching them both, suddenly

threw back his head and exploded with laughter. Honora looked puzzled; but the half-hurt look on Beverley's face vanished like a cloud, as she threw up her shapely head and smiled disdainfully at the master of the house. Somehow Dan's unflattering hilarity betrayed, as nothing else could have done, his vainglorious pride in them both.

The little dining-room was as bright and as prettily simple as the rest of the house. The homelike dinner, too, was excellent. Beverley looked at her brother's young wife in generous wonder.

"Did you do all this, Honora?" she said. "Why, it's lovely!"

"Oh yes," said Honora, with a charming unconsciousness of special merit. "I'm glad you're hungry."

"Honora doesn't make poems, but she's an authority as to the haunts and habits of puddings," said Dan. "Honora, aren't you proud of having captured the brother of a Genius? Did you ever expect to cook a dinner for a person who had written a book?"

Honora's tongue-tied reverence both amused and embarrassed Beverley. Evidently she was a person who fell silent at the mere mention of books.

"I liked it," she shyly announced, at last.

"Oh, it isn't a real book," said Miss Covington. "Just a collection of short stories; that isn't properly a book, you know. Anybody would think, Dan, that I was poised on the very pinnacle of Fame, instead of just beginning to climb."

"Well, you've found the way," said Dan easily, "and that's a lot. I suppose you've forgotten how impatient and discouraged and generally beat-out you used to get, groping around the bottom for a foot-hold."

Beverley spent the next morning following Honora around at her household tasks. She even helped a little; but her help was not considerable, for Honora was serenely superior to any need of assistance, and Dan's sister was the sort of person—rare among women—who, even when honestly anxious to help, is at a loss where and how to "take hold." An instant liking, however, had sprung up between the two.

Each was a beautiful marvel to the other. Honora, fairly educated and far

from dull, would have essayed to fly to the moon, all wingless as she was, sooner than to write a book; a letter was a labor of love for her. And Beverley was equally at a loss to understand this utter absorption in household work, this quiet competence which knew just how to do everything, and, what was more wonderful still, did it with utter ease, without distaste or weariness, and as a matter of course. It was an attitude, Beverley reflected with amazement, not wholly unlike her own to her own work; it seemed the one natural and desirable thing for Honora to do.

Miss Covington's own incompetence in domestic affairs could not be charged to a luxurious rearing; for her girlhood had shared family vicissitudes enough. But her instinctive rebellion against distasteful work had begun, it seemed to her, with her life. From her earliest childhood her passion had been for books and the things of the mind. Shorn of all palliations, and expressed by Dan in the pitiless clearness of vulgar parlance, the fact was that she had managed to "get out" of everything else. Often through rebellion and tears, indeed, for her good mother had made repeated, futile attempts against the bent of the girl's temperament, and had tried to force her to learn the things that "every woman should know."

But the girl, so docile in most things, was always seen to have had her way, in the end. It was not as if she would not, but as if she could not, spare the time from what she considered her vital pursuits to take an interest in other things. To make amends, for she was not conscienceless, she had worked doubly hard at her own work. She had braved out discouragement, she had persisted, keeping up a smothered but never extinguished courage, through doubt and delay; she had taught school, drooping and burdened under its drudgery, for her coveted college-training; and at last, the beginnings of success had come.

Now, her mother, too, had leisure and relief from the domestic burden. Miss Covington had always looked forward to the time when she could vindicate her apparent willfulness and self-absorption; and now the moment had come.

And with it, oddly enough, had come



DRAWN BY FREDERICK WEBSTER

Honora came forward with a welcome

Honora, moving about her little house with that beautiful, consummate ease, on the friendliest possible terms with Necessity; Honora, with her serene unconsciousness of any serious point of view but her own, standing before her like a challenge, with that same looming mountain of immemorial prejudice at her back. Obviously, Honora thought of her as of a very beautiful and costly toy, or a very lovely and irresponsible child—Honora, who was herself absurdly young, and who thought it a serious undertaking to write a letter! Miss Covington was both touched and piqued by this attitude; it was only one more way of telling her that she was an anomaly; and she still felt blindly, as she had always done, that she was not. But more than anything else, as she watched Honora with admiring eyes, she was amused; the complicated ironies of life were never lost upon her.

When Dan came home to luncheon that day he looked unreasonably gleeful.

"Guess who's discovered you, sis, already," he said. "He was passing through, and saw in the paper that you were here. So he stayed over to-day. He'll be ringing you up before long, see if he doesn't. Victor Parish!" he announced at last, having prepared his climax to his satisfaction.

"Victor Parish!" echoed his sister, a warm flash of pleasure in her eyes. "Why, I'm so glad."

"How about pulling off that Renunciation Act about to-night?" said Dan, helping himself to bread. "How about sacrificing Hayward and his stocks and bonds to Victor and his parsonage? You always did like Victor, you know. It looks to me like a heaven-sent opportunity for a certain person's vindication."

Beverley was looking at the glass she was turning slowly around in her fingers.

"From what charge?" she asked absently, without looking up.

"Oh—selfishness," said Dan, cheerfully. "There are prettier names, and more exact ones, I dare say, but that's comprehensive enough, isn't it?"

"Quite," said Miss Covington, still looking at the glass.

That evening Miss Covington sat on the steps of the little front porch, alone. Dan

and Honora had betaken themselves to the garden, meekly effacing themselves in order not to spoil the effect of the meeting. Beverley sat with her long hands clasped about her knee, one white shoe visible below the hem of her white linen-dress. Everything about her betokened a love for what was exquisite, for perfection in visible things.

She certainly, at this moment, looked less than thirty—and was, quite as certainly, older than she looked. The quality of her charm gave her a certain advantage over the years—at least when she was happy. It lay in the unconscious distinction of the poise of her head, in the pure lines of her profile, in the delicate, if elusive beauty of her face—a beauty which oddly deserted it at times, as its owner very well knew. She did not often remember, to be sure, that she was beautiful when she was interested, though she knew it very well; but she was acutely conscious of looking sallow and commonplace when she was weary and bored. Her beauty was almost wholly a matter of the inner-light.

To-night she was interested: in the aspect of her surroundings, and in her own thoughts. The soft summer evening had apparently attracted the entire neighborhood—composed of people in a stage of prosperity able to present at least an exterior of comfort and comeliness—to the front steps and sidewalks. A group of children with well-brushed curls and white dresses, were playing with roller-skates in the electric-light on the opposite pavement; children, of whatever sort, always appealed to Miss Covington. Next door, a girl with a banjo was singing "Dearie," with great effect to a youth already ensconced behind the screening leafage of the vines. It reminded Miss Covington pleasantly of her own early youth: as of something amusing, but not altogether creditable, that was past. The contrast made the present all the more a matter for gratitude.

Miss Covington still experienced, at times, a delicious difficulty, in realizing that her long-ago dreams were coming true; that, for instance, she was to sail for Europe in a month. She could not remember the time when she had not dreamed of it; and now she held her breath, like a

child on the brink of fairyland. She was, in fact, both exacting and generous in her demands upon life; one of those who buy, with weary moments and gray days, a perfect day or hour, and think the price well paid. There is a vintage life does not offer to the placid, for they would miss its flavor; nor yet to the unbelieving, for they would think of poison in the cup. Some of the saddest people in the world know how to take this rare goblet in their two hands and drain it with a delicate zest, smiling at the giver the while over the brim.

There was an odd reason for her exhilaration to-night of which she was acutely conscious; a reason which would have made Dan straighten up and stare, if he had known. That engagement to Emmet Hayward: what would Dan say if he knew that it was already broken? Her heart smote her about that affair, and yet no justification of her decision, from her own standpoint, could be more complete and absolute than this joyous lightness with which she contemplated her regained freedom. She had allowed herself to be persuaded into it by the man's worship of her: an unintelligent worship, as she now phrased it to herself, somewhat cruelly. She had been tempted, like any romantic girl, by the "obvious human bliss" of being adored, sheltered, necessary to someone's happiness; while all along the woman in her misgave her, and told her she had been too yielding, too facile. Of course it was not the first time; but the other could be somewhat extenuated on the plea of youth; the first time, she really had been a romantic girl. This time she should have known better. A few months of the bond, indeed, had sufficed to waken her, and once awake to her blunder, she had broken the tie resolutely, not even allowing her keen self-reproach to impair the thoroughness of the process.

And yet, what a sincere, sturdy soul he was; and how sincerely she had fancied, at the time, that this return to elemental things would satisfy her! The more generously her heart insisted on his good qualities now, the more happily conscious she became that she was still free. She meant to tell Dan, of course; she hardly knew why she had delayed telling him. But she knew Dan would not, because of the news,

withdraw his teasing charge of monumental selfishness. She had given up a luxurious future, of course; but Dan was too astute not to see that the rupture merely left her free to taste the joy of her own success, and to follow her own wayward will.

After all, it was the quality of that success which, in her eyes, justified this delighted acceptance of it. From the beginning she had asked comparatively little, but that little of the best. As for fame, that had been only a joke between her and Dan; all she had yet won was recognition: the expectant attention of those scattered lovers of the best things who are comparatively few and yet really many, and whose temperate and yet generous praise meant more to her than any indiscriminating clamor of the vulgar. Perhaps, when she lived more, that would come, too; she would be able to touch the great heart of the many, as well as to catch the fine ear of the few. In her secret heart, that was a passionate ambition. But it must come in the right way; she would never juggle for it. Meanwhile, with a characteristic, delicate arrogance, she was prouder of her "fit audience though few" than if she had heard her name on every tongue. On the material side, even, she did not think of her success in terms of money; hers was a subtler luxuriousness which was half-contemptuous of the means toward its end. She thought of it instinctively as freedom—opportunity—to travel, to study and work unhampered by the harassing drudgeries and limitations she had known so long, to know people of her own tastes and interests. Well, it was within reach at last.

As she sat waiting for Victor Parish, it was natural that she should find her thoughts running over the long road by which she had arrived hither. She had not seen him for almost ten years; across what a chasm his name sounded in her memory! What would he be like? Dan's hilarious hint at luncheon she had received in the spirit of pure absurdity in which it was given; it had not found a lodgment in her mind. She wondered about Victor, as she waited, without excitement, but with an agreeable stirring of interest and curiosity. Instinctively she saw herself, not as the

finely tempered and charming woman she knew herself to be—for even Honora considered her, she reflected, a rare and costly, if useless and anomalous, product of civilization—but as the young girl Victor would bring in his memory, to measure and judge her by. The thought was not wholly without its pang. The one element of excitement in her mood was the uncertainty as to how much of the girl he would find there. She herself did not know. It had been so long since she had met anyone who had tried her solely by that touchstone; she wondered how much of her would respond.

Not much, surely? Else she could not look back upon those years—upon Victor himself—from this standpoint of amused detachment. She had been about fourteen when she first met Victor Parish; he was some four years older. At first it had been a matter of Sunday-school picnics, Epworth League, and Y. M. C. A. entertainments—chance opportunities.

Even in the undefined stratum of society into which she had been born, one is too young to “go with the boys”—she recalled the phrase with a shiver half-whimsical, half-genuine—at fourteen. Nevertheless, there had been not a little mutual exploration made by each into the crude young country of the other's experience, before, a few years later, it became a matter of long summer evenings under the trees in the moonlight, with the heavy fragrance of the tube-roses stealing over them from the garden.

How inexplicable, how amusingly, how pathetically grotesque, it all seemed to her now! Beverley Covington had long been convinced that her early environment had been, humanly speaking, as she put it, a ludicrous mistake. Hers had been a comfortable, middle-class home; yet never was a young Pegasus bound to subsist upon more innutritive pabulum. A stormy child-

hood hidden under outward calm; a queer, morbid girlhood, by turns ardent and apathetic, blindly seeking it knew not what.

Even her early reading had been earnestly supervised: “Lorna Doone” and “John Halifax, Gentlemen,” had represented dissipation to her. Other things were kept out of her reach. In the midst of many excellent and wholesome influences, her soul had been still a helpless little seething cauldron, in which she could not even name the ingredients. School had been her world. Here a door seemed at least to open out toward the realm

she was seeking. But knowledge alone would not satisfy; she had a passionate hunger for experience; a hunger all the more dangerous because she did not know a name for the teasing pain of it. She had thrown herself, with all the overflowing force of her importunate, untried emotions, at six, into an idolatrous worship of a boy-uncle; at twelve, into religion as the Baptists conceive it; at fourteen, into the temperance-reform, following her mother's leadership; and at sixteen, into a devotion



DRAWN BY FREDERICK WEBSTER

Miss Covington sat on the steps

—half fine and mystical, half sheer vanity and mutual attraction of boy and girl—a devotion of which Victor Parish was the object.

Not that he knew it. She had hid all her enthusiasms, in those days, passionately. There had been a reticence, a fineness, and, withal, a reality in that relationship that had always saved it in her moods of self-scorn. Victor, even then, had been, in individuality, a personality. He went to college, and he was going to be a minister: two things which were sufficient then to cast a glamor about him in her imagination. And Victor's own acceptance of his calling—his unboyish silence and reserve, his intuitive appreciation of her deep unspoken sympathy with his aims and ambitions—there had been something fine and beautiful about it. Something beautiful, too, about those young meetings and partings—when Victor came home from college in the spring and went back in the fall; when young passion looked out of his eyes at her, and that stern restraint kept guard over his lips. She smiled now, as she remembered her heartrending indecision as to whether Victor cared; her fits of resentment against him for taking so much from her—all but the words, her young pride felt—and yet leaving her in doubt. There would be weeks at a time when Victor stayed away from her altogether. Dear Victor! She smiled at the obviousness of it all, now. She had thought it rather intense suffering, she remembered, at the time.

And so he had let her young romance, of which he was the hero, die a natural death, though he had wistfully kept her friendship; and there had been, ever since, sporadic bursts of friendly correspondence between them. Through it she had come to understand the boy Victor very well. As to the feelings of the man Victor toward her, she had never quite made up her mind. She had announced her engagement to Emmet Hayward to Victor promptly, for that very reason; for the same reason, she knew that she would not tell him to-night that it was broken. Surely Victor deserved that kindly equivocation at her hands. The formal, conventional side of him had usually been uppermost in his letters—to Beverley an uninteresting side,

which bored her while it commanded her respect. They had drifted hopelessly apart in their points of view. But for her loyal tenderness for the two young people of that vanished May-time, Beverley knew that she would have been waiting for this man, this middle-aged, earnest preacher, with no enthusiasm whatever.

Of course there had been other men in the meantime, besides Hayward, men innumerable, it sometimes seemed to her ironic self-scrutiny. Being herself—compact of eager curiosities and quick sympathies, born and fated to take the colors of other temperaments upon a surface of temperament of her own, which, for all its sensitiveness to impressions, was yet as tenacious of its own texture as any it reflected—being herself, could she have escaped, if she had wished, those luminous makeshift relationships between a man and a woman which fall, on one side or both, just short of love? What if, more often than not, she alone had fallen short? She had done so honestly, frankly. She knew she would no more have chosen to forego these than the half-dozen real friendships with women that her ten years of college life and literary struggle had brought her. Indeed, she was honest enough to see that they were generally more real, more inevitable. She had no illusions left about herself; the only thing she ever urged, even to herself, in defense of her own emotional integrity, was that she never knowingly deceived either herself or a man who liked her. To that one rule she was stanchly true. In the old days, of course, she had fancied herself cast in the true heroic mould; and had exacted of herself an almost savage loyalty to Victor, for instance, and to her belief in her own unalterable constancy.

When he came, she was suddenly and most surprisingly aware of the inadequacy of the feelings with which she had awaited him. He was a little man, quite without definite good looks; but his appearance suggested a certain immaculateness, both of the flesh and of the spirit. Whatever he had ever had to please the eye—and that had been mainly a certain boyish freshness of contour and coloring—had gone to feed the years. In its place, however, had come

certain distinctions of character and spirit, which were potent and unmistakable. He looked older than he should; and the fact touched Miss Covington. He was one of the spendthrifts. That pang for her lost first-youth came over her again for a moment; old and intimate things were awakened, as the birds come back to the empty branches with a whirr of vibrant wings.

As they sat together in the little front room, with the scent of the honeysuckle drifting in through the open door, it was astonishing to them both how instantly and easily they fell into the old intimacy. There was the same lively, undisguised exploratory interest of each in the other, only quickened and justified by time and absence. Miss Covington was acutely conscious that her guest was still a personality, an individuality. She was grateful to him that he had not come back to her in a guise to make the idyl ridiculous; it was one of the few things her sense of humor had allowed her to keep intact from her youth, and she could not have forgiven him that. His attitude toward it entirely met her exactions. Solemnity would have spoilt it as completely as flippancy would have done; she saw that he kept it jealously, as she did, as part of the poetry of his youth.

Both were conscious from the first of talking unusually well, and with unusual pleasure; they were aware of an absurd tendency to interrupt and anticipate each other. They talked chiefly of her specialty and of his.

He had been talking to her of a short poem of hers in a current magazine—telling her, indeed, only a very little of how it had touched and stirred him. And then he suddenly surprised her by ending abruptly, "But you shouldn't have published it."

"Why?" she demanded in astonishment, with an amused and defiant lifting of her delicate brows.

"You know why," he said, smiling at her with the odd little twist at the corner of his mouth which she remembered. There was in his smile a friendly assumption of authority which was new in him, and which Miss Covington found pleasant—to defy. "It was too pessimistic; too hopeless. You should use your great gifts to make the world happier—not sadder

and more doubting. You ought to be punished for it."

Beverley only laughed. Those verses were her best; it had never occurred to her not to publish them.

"They weren't really pessimistic, they were true; and anyone who is willing to face the truth isn't really pessimistic."

He would have involved her in an argument in a moment, but she contented herself with simple reiteration. Instinctively she knew that she might argue with him until doomsday without bringing him to see her work as she saw it. Indeed, she was not confident of her ability to defend her own position; it was something that could be felt, but never adequately stated.

He was familiar with all she had written, she found. He praised what seemed to him to teach a definite "lesson," and condemned the rest: always with that loving frankness of condemnation which is more flattering, in a sense, than praise. There was in his attitude much to amuse her, much to gratify, nothing to wound or offend. Occasionally, too, he surprised her by a fine and most reverent insight into the things that were intrinsically best in her work; but always, she noticed, when they lay in the direction of that indispensable lesson.

From her work they passed at last, naturally, to his. And here it was she who was the critic, the aggressor, he who was on the defensive. And how ably, gently steadfast he was! She had not expected this from the grave commonplace of his letters. Instinctively he seemed to understand the strange mingling of inherent reverence with inherent scepticism in her docile, yet adventurous spirit; with smiling earnestness he refused to be shocked, and gave her leave to do her worst against his faith. Here the victory was with the man; for the woman, whatever her intellectual rebellions against dogma, was at heart easily awed by real religious feeling, and quick to recognize it. It was only spiritual bigotry which aroused in her a sort of implike levity of opposition. There was a certain noble defenselessness in his attitude which touched her generosity and inspired her respect; her antagonistic mood died speedily for lack of contradiction. She was so lovely, vanquished thus, that he suddenly leaned toward her at last, looking



DRAWN BY FREDERICK WEBSTER

"It takes me back"—he added slowly

into her eyes and drawing a long breath.

"I can't tell you how good it is to meet somebody who really cares for these things," he said. "You think you're a sad sceptic; but I've never found anyone who cared as you do. It takes me back to my youth—to our youth—" he added slowly.

Instantly it was all out between them; she could no longer doubt the feeling of the man Victor. There was all the old love—patient, earnest, faithful, young—looking at her out of his eyes.

It is curious, the subtlety of the armor with which immemorial custom has pro-

vided the woman, by way of compensation for being never the seeker, always the one who is sought. Beverley, looking at him with her troubled eyes, assumed it so instinctively that the man could have analyzed it as well as she. He knew that she was deeply touched, that she was tenderly fond of him; that she was proud of him for vindicating her old faith in him, that a thousand things bent her inclination toward him. Yet he saw that, for some reason, she did not want him. His love was sweet to her, but himself she did not need. And still, even with that knowledge, and

the thought of the other man in the background, he found it hard not to take her in his arms.

He had gathered himself together, hat in hand, but somehow they paused at the door, as they had been used to do. Through the obvious commonplaces of parting, each was conscious of the old string vibrating in the other's heart. Suddenly, at some brave word of his about the persistency of the old friendship, she turned upon him, moved by an old, stifled impulse, frankly resentful for the girl she used to be, and said, in just the low voice he had loved so long,

"You know, I was in love with you once, Victor—or did you know it?"

She knew that he believed she was no longer free, else she would not have risked the question. She had not meant to. It was as if she had been superseded, for the moment, by that young girl of the idyl, with her tender doubts and her secret fears.

The girl had wanted for answer only a simple "Yes." But when the man's answer came, instant, direct, the woman came back to her place, and she saw that she had wantonly provoked it. The man's instinctive chivalry stood ready with the useless confession.

"I have never loved anyone as I have you," he said passionately, but most simply, as if the fact were too obvious to need expression.

She bowed her head with a sudden meekness that surprised herself.

"I couldn't tell—I—wasn't sure," she faltered.

Then she plucked up courage a little, like a child defending herself.

"You treated me shamefully, Victor!"

He smiled understandingly, but sorrowfully.

"No, I did not," he said, with a quick, stern lovingness. "How could you help knowing—how could you? You knew you were my dream—there was, there could be, no one else. And how could I tell you? Knowing the life I had chosen—its renunciations,—its limitations—and knowing you—you, with your great gifts—How could I tell you?" he demanded, sorrowfully.

"But did you know?" she persisted.

"No," he said, almost impatiently, and

yet sadly. "I couldn't be sure—I had no business to know. Of course I hoped—but I had no right to hope. I would not let myself."

So the old question was settled. Each had loved the other, and neither had been sure of the other's love. And now, after ten years, each had said for the first time: "I loved you." And he was still the same; but she—"You must marry, and be happy!" she said.

He could not forbear smiling at her logic. He was a little man in stature, but he was essentially big enough to find it very sweet to have her grieving over him, with this impotent tenderness. It was odd how both accepted the finality of the situation: the man, who thought that she meant to marry the other, and the woman who knew that she did not.

"There is no one," he said in answer, with the same simplicity, the same intensity of resignation, "no one at all beside you, or I might. There has never been anyone else."

Then after a moment of gazing into her warm, sweet, helpless eyes, he drew himself together. "But there's the work I've been called to do," he said, "and that's what matters."

"And the work I've been called to do," she said, almost under her breath.

He possessed himself of her two hands.

"Oh, it's hard to leave you, Beverley!" he cried, with a sudden weakening, more boyish than anything in his real boyhood.

She looked up at him with her grave, passionate eyes. She seemed the young girl again—a girl at once so much younger and so much older than this sweet woman who was sending him away.

"Forgive me, Victor!" she pleaded.

"For what?" he asked, once more with the sad man's smile.

"For being myself, I think. I don't want you to think that I like myself—I'm an awfully complicated person, Victor!"

He seemed amused at something she could not see.

"I bless you for being yourself," he answered in a moment, quickly and very low.

And then he pressed her hands, and let them slip from his own, and was gone.

She sank down on the top step, alone

in the summer night, her chin in her palm, her lip caught between her teeth. For a long time she sat so, her eyes looking fixedly at the violet night-sky above the cedar tree. Dan thought it was a choice between two, and she had chosen neither. She had chosen herself. She was more selfish than even Dan knew.

At last she rose, stretching her white-clad arms above her head, in a gesture wild, yearning, exultant, weary. Then she turned and went quietly into the house.

As she passed softly through the dining-room, on her way to her own room, her eye was caught by Honora's neat, piled-up work-basket on its stand in the corner. The big dining-room in the little house served Honora as her sitting-room, among its other uses, and she liked best to sew there. Beverley paused beside the basket, looking down at it.

Suddenly she stooped and picked up the tiny bit of sewing on the top of the pile. It was a little cap Honora was making, a marvel of daintiness and care. But Beverley was not looking at the small, even stitches. With her eye for the characteristic, the human, she seemed to see the little round head already in the bonnet, the funny little fringe of miraculously soft hair in the adorable wrinkle of the tiny, velvety neck. Honora's red-shaded light rested rosily upon her graceful white figure and beautiful bowed head, as she stood looking down at the little cap in her long fingers. At last she laid it aside and turned away. But with her hand on the door-knob she stood a moment looking back at it, as it lay there on top of the pile. Her eyes were wet, but she was smiling.

"You must be mine, too," she said aloud; and her voice trembled strangely through the empty room.

The Transmigration of Sandy

BY CHARLES LEE BRYSON

Author of "The Loss of the New Moon," etc.

THERE was a night raid on the sheep-corral of the San Luis flock, guarded by Felipe the herder and Sandy his Scotch collie. Out of the purple dusk of the limitless plains came seven hulking forms with shambling gait, moving with the swiftness and silence of shadows when broken clouds scurry across the moon. They stole on soft paws to the corral, going craftily that no taint of wolf might be borne to the dugout hard-by. They reached the gate of the inclosure and one, the tallest, looming gigantic in the gloom, reached the top of the barrier at one wonderful bound and dropped noiselessly inside.

Instantly there was wild commotion. There were only a few bleats, for even in their terror sheep are usually silent creatures. But there was a clatter of thousands of hoofs as they ran, the stronger trampling the weaker underfoot, and the heavier crushing the lighter against the sides of the corral; a smothering snuffle of the close-packed flock; clouds of stifling dust, as they raced blindly to and fro across the

inclosure, and the oily, steamy smell of an overheated rabble of sheep. Mingled with these, yet clear above them all, to ears and noses trained to it, were the sounds of fangs clacking, clacking, and ripping through flesh, the odor of fresh blood, and the gurgle of those who died gasping in the hot night.

From the herder's dugout came the fierce baying of Sandy, and two breaths later there were sounds of a different kind of struggle by the great corral-gate. For the six who had waited outside fell upon that defender of the flock, and the marauder inside leaped the gate again and joined them. Seven to one, they quickly overbore the dog. There were snarls and chokings, the clashing of fangs as stroke was met by counter-stroke, labored breathings, the strain of tense muscles, and the quick scrape and flurry of claws slipping on the hard ground as the fighters strove. Then silence, and out across the purple plains sped the seven hulking forms; six of them back to the hunting grounds of the

old Sangamon pack a hundred miles away, whence they had been summoned by a brother in need of help. One, the one who had planned the raid, the one who had leaped the corral-gate, the great gray pirate of the plains, went to his lonely lair in the foot-hills. He was known for a hundred miles in every direction; he was feared for such deeds as this, and because of them he had been named El Diablo.

Behind them, at the gate of the sheep-corral lay Sandy, the Scotch collie, his eyes glazed and sightless, his fangs still bared in defiance, his coat rumpled and torn, his chest cut open. Felipe, roused by the commotion, and running, his eyes still heavy with sleep, to the aid of Sandy, saw with superstitious terror that he was dead and that a wolf had eaten his heart. He recalled the legend of the fierce Indians of the plains that whoso slays an enemy and eats his heart shall inherit all the craft of that enemy. And the Indians claimed to have learned this bit of wisdom from the wolves.

El Diablo went out to hunt. He was alone, but he went in broad daylight this time. He knew where the sheep, tended only by Felipe now, were grazing. Without Sandy to give warning it should be easy to outwit the man and carry off a lamb, or even dash into the flock and cut a score of throats. He had done that more than once in other days, when the sheep were not guarded by a dog. He gained the summit of a low ridge, whence he could see Felipe riding slowly up and down by his charges. The wolf lay down behind a clump of Spanish-bayonet, and, himself unseen, watched for half an hour while the sheep nibbled, and strayed, and drifted hither and yonder, Felipe following slowly and keeping them together. Back of El Diablo's furtive, slit-like eyes the shrewd animal brain was working, weaving from what men call instinct, from his own wide experience, and from those hidden springs of brute-wisdom which man may not fathom, a plan.

El Diablo crept carefully back from the divide, out of sight of Felipe and the sheep, and sped down the narrow valley, pausing for nothing, looking neither to left nor right, save for the instinctive side-long

glance to keep himself assured that there was no enemy in sight. Away he flew, along the easy rise and dip of the unnumbered green knolls of the grassy plains, keeping ever in the low places, crossing from vale to vale through the saddles, and never showing himself on the ridges until he had made a half-circle of the flock. Though he had run a long distance and at high speed he was neither tired nor blown. Enormous strength was his, and the endurance that comes of hard work and a spare diet. Long night-runs, frequent fights with dogs, struggles with prey which two other wolves would hesitate to attack, kept him in perfect condition of heavy bone, hard-knit muscle, steely sinew, and capacious lungs.

Arrived at a point opposite where Felipe was riding, El Diablo began to stalk the flock. Patiently he advanced, taking advantage of every ant-hill, every clump of Spanish-bayonet or cactus, creeping on his belly, and often lying motionless for minutes at a time until the sheep moved a little. He approached quite near, undetected. With no dog to guard them the sheep had scattered somewhat, and a number of ewes, followed by their lambs, had crossed over a saddle between two low knolls and were feeding out of sight of Felipe and the main flock. This was exactly what the wolf had expected to find. If he could work rapidly enough to prevent any sheep from escaping over that saddle so that Felipe should notice its fright, he would have time to eat his fill and escape unseen. At the worst, he would take with him a lamb whenever he should be forced to flee. The great brute crept up within three leaps of where the sheep nibbled in fancied security, his presence all unsuspected. It was time to strike.

Leaping from the shelter of a soap-weed plant, El Diablo charged down upon the nearest ewe. He sprang at her with jaws set wide for the death-stroke, but suddenly checked himself in mid-leap and dropped to the ground, his whole bearing changed, while the frightened ewe fled unharmed. Then followed the strangest scene ever witnessed by man on those plains. An enormous gray-wolf trotted to and fro behind a scattered and terror-stricken band of sheep, driving the stragglers over the saddle into the main flock. The defence-

less creatures, crazed with fear, fled in the wildest panic, but the wolf showed no sign of giving chase. He followed slowly, rounding up the strays carefully. One wee lamb was only a few hours old and could scarcely walk at all, and was all unknowing of the need to flee from a wolf. El Diablo trotted to it, pushed it gently forward with his nose, and licked the little woolly coat affectionately, as Sandy had done to thousands of lambs in his day.

Hearing heavy hoof-beats on the ground behind him, El Diablo turned. There, on a pony, quaking with terror, sat Felipe the herder, his face ashen and his lips working noiselessly, with superstitious horror at the sight he had just witnessed. El Diablo left the lamb and trotted toward the man, his ears cocked expectantly and his tail wagging eagerly as if asking approval of what he had been doing. His own fear doubled by the knowledge that the man on his back was afraid, the pony bolted in wild panic, as the wolf ran up to him, bucking and plunging so that the two shots Felipe fired from his revolver at the gaunt apparition went wild. El Diablo was untouched, but he was all wolf again in a moment when he heard the shots, and with all his old instincts aroused, he leaped behind a clump of Spanish-bayonet, sped over the saddle, and was out of sight in another breath.

That night a new, strange fever in his brain drove El Diablo forth. He went unwillingly, and by long and devious paths, but he went steadily, always drawing nearer the corral of the San Luis flock, until he found himself at Felipe's dugout. The door was fast or he would have walked in, but through the window, he could see inside, and there had been nothing in his experience to tell him that there was a bar to his entrance by that way. He leaped lightly, meaning to go in through the window but struck the pane and dropped back to the ground. Inside he heard a startled but subdued exclamation from the herder. Again he leaped, this time with a little more force, and again his body encountered some strange resistance and he fell back. A second time he heard the man's voice in tones of wonder and fear. Then El Diablo dropped low on his haunches and hurled his powerful form at the window with all his mighty strength,

as if he were striking to put down a half-grown steer. His weight forced the sash in and it fell to the floor with a loud, splintering crash, and the glass clattered and tinkled everywhere, but El Diablo landed lightly on his feet in the middle of the room.

The dugout had every appearance of a trap, and the odor of man was so strong that every instinct prompted the wolf to leap out through the window and fly to his lair, but he stood still. His keen eyes showed him plainly the form of a man lying on a bed at the farther side of the room, his hand at his eyes and his face distorted as he strained his vision to pierce the gloom and see who or what had come, in so strange a manner, into his dugout. He looked and looked, and exclaimed under his breath now and again, but did not offer to rise.

El Diablo walked slowly over to where the man lay, and stood beside the bed, his tail wagging and his head hung low, waiting to be welcomed. The man reached out a hand, felt doubtingly of his coat, patted his shoulder and said in a conciliating tone "nice doggie."

El Diablo had never heard the words before, but the voice was so unmistakably friendly that he raised his head above the edge of the bed and gazed into the man's face. Felipe took one horrified look, and with a shrill scream of terror leaped from the bed, threw a blanket over El Diablo's head, and tried to throttle him there in the dark.

All his savage instincts aroused in a moment by this attack, the wolf fought fiercely. For a time he strove in vain to free his head from the enveloping folds of the blanket. With teeth and claws he fought, gasping for breath, while the man tried to choke him to death. Up and down the room they struggled, the wolf hurling the man to and fro, battering him heavily against the walls with surges of his mighty strength, both of them, as they heaved and swayed from side to side, tripping over stools and saddles and the broken sash that littered the floor, the one clutching a throat with frantic strength, the other ever fighting to force away the fingers that were cutting off his breath.

Finally the man's grasp began to

weaken, and with a sudden turn the wolf thrust his head free from the blanket. Then click, click, click, the terrible fangs clipped at the hands that held him, cutting the muscles to the bone, severing blood-vessels, and tearing the tendons from the wrists. The hands dropped from his throat, and unharmed, El Diablo sprang lightly through the window and alighted on the ground.

El Diablo watched outside the dugout until daybreak. He wandered about by the corral, walked up and down beneath the window, and finally curled himself up on the door-step, and lay quietly until sounds within the house roused him. He arose and walked around to the rear of the dugout and peered in at the window. There stood the herder with a basin of water and some cloths, binding up the ghastly wounds in his hands. A severed artery was even then spurting blood against the wall whenever Felipe released the pressure on it. El Diablo put his forefeet on the window-ledge and watched until the wounds were bandaged. His gaze was uncertain and his

tail was beating the ground in short, quick strokes like a dog who is wondering whether he will get a beating or a caress. There he watched until the man raised his head, and he saw the look of terror that overspread the features of Felipe when he recognized his visitor. The wolf divined what was coming when the herder leaped across the room, though he did not wait to see him grasp his rifle.

El Diablo started away. He could have been behind the corral in a flash, and far away before the man could catch sight of him again, but he went no farther than the corral-gate. There he felt impelled to stop and look back. He saw Felipe step from behind the dugout and raise his gun. The wolf stood with head and tail drooping dejectedly, and looked at the man with steady, wistful gaze. A shot rang out and he fell limply. He saw the man step nearer to take more careful aim. He raised his head, wagged his tail feebly, and tried to rise. In his eyes, could the man have seen, was a plea. Again the rifle rang out, and El Diablo was no more.

The Deceivers

BY FRED JACKSON

Author of "The Honeymooners," etc.

CHANTLER strode restlessly back and forth through Coburne's rooms, bit vindictively on one of Coburne's favorite pipes, and scowled. It was, he told himself, a very poor beginning. Outside, the wind rushed howling around corners in a most terrible fashion, thoughtlessly adding to the loneliness within. In calmer moments, he acknowledged his chum's absolute blamelessness in the matter, but just now he felt disappointed in the whole wide world generally, and in Coburne particularly, for painting in such alluring colors a winter in town.

Coburne and he had been chums in the 'varsity days. Since then, *wanderlust* had seized the older man, making him a tireless globe-trotter, while Chantler smoked and dreamed away his time in the little southern town that had harbored him in the knickerbocker-days. Coburne, who

was naturally clever at describing things, knew exactly how to write to Chantler, and the result—Here was Chantler occupying Coburne's rooms, smoking Coburne's pipes, ordering about Coburne's valet, and roundly abusing the author of these things. For Chantler was dull and unspeakably lonesome.

It was that weird gloomy hour just after sunset, just before the lights begin to twinkle on the great White Way. Chantler at last came to a halt before the window and gazed listlessly at the drenched streets. Suddenly his eye fastened on one interesting looking object and remained there. It was a blue-clad messenger-boy, plodding along wheeling his bicycle beside him.

"Jove," cried Chantler eagerly, "a dollar fee if you come here."

He leaned against the window, almost holding his breath, for an anxious moment

while the boy looked along at the numbers and carefully inspected the book in his hand. Then he rested the wheel against the curb and mounted Coburne's steps. He was an ordinary boy enough, only a common little beggar, at best, but Chantler's fate lay in the hollow of his dirty little hand. If he had not come—but he did, and the yellow message lay waiting on the arm of Chantler's chair.

It was addressed to Coburne.

"Now," mused Chantler, "here you are. If you happen to be important, he will blame me for not examining you; if you're not—why, if you're not, it can't make a bit of difference if I peep. You see," he explained gravely, "I've made a sort of mystery of you. I'll peep."

He ripped open the envelope curiously and read:

JOHN COBURNES ESQ

Did you get my letter wire answer at once please

CECILLE

Chantler sat up and read it again. Evidently it was important. Now what to do next? He weighed the matter carefully and at length. He might find some clew to the situation in—in Coburne's secretary, if he dared risk breaking open the front. Coburne was rather fond of the secretary. The question was: Was the matter of enough importance to warrant such proceedings. He had no means of knowing.

At length he wearily gave up the case, put the matter on Fate, and tossed up for it. Heads, proceed; tails, drop it. The coin fell head upward, and Chantler broke open the desk.

Directly on top lay a letter and two photographs; one of a rather stunning-looking girl in evening-dress; the other was a very English-looking person, neatly labeled "Hon. Robert McCleod." After a glance at the pictures, Chantler honestly tried to decide how to proceed, but he couldn't.

He lifted the letter at last, and began on it with a sigh of anticipation—his conscience eased.

DEAR OLD BOY: It's quite ten years since I've seen you—I'm almost afraid to write. I confess—but I've followed you pretty closely by means of the public prints, and I've read your books, so somehow you still seem the old Johnny to me. I suppose you've heard of

my engagement. We sent you cards when it was announced. Well, the happy date is to be the twenty-first, and I want you to be here—more than that, I want you to be Best Man.

My *fiancé*, you must know, has no friend on this side intimate enough to ask, and he persuaded me to supply the deficiency. It is odd that I should want the pal of my pig-tail days near me at the sweetest hour of my life? Please, *please* consent and let me hear from you at the first opportunity.

We are entertaining the wedding-party at the house and should like to have you come down a week or two before the day. Sydney is quite grown and is to be my honor-maid. The affair is to take place here at "Glynwood," which we have opened especially for it.

With kind wishes from Mother and Syd..

Lovingly yours,

CECILLE LANGDON.

Glynwood, L. I.

"Well," said Chantler explosively, and again, "well!"

He cast a reflective eye on the picture of Cecille smiling up at him and blushed. For a wild idea had come to him. The twenty-first was not quite a week away.

"Ten years," thought Chantler, "brings about great changes in a man's looks. Ten years," he repeated, after a pause, "is a long time."

He sat quite still for a space, pondering. At last he arose thoughtfully, took up a picture of Coburne's from the desk, and compared it with his own face in the mirror.

"Dark eyes"—said Chantler, "dark eyes; dark hair—dark hair; tall—tall; broad—well!"

He crossed the room swiftly to the electric-signal marked "Inspiration," in Coburne's dashing hand, consulted the long list attached, and rang twice. Immediately the door opened and the valet appeared with brandy and soda. Chantler dropped contentedly into his seat.

"Uncle," said he, "pack my things, please, at once. I am leaving in the morning. See that I don't need anything, will you? And—eh—you might just send this telegram for me. Read it."

MISS CECILLE LANGDON,

Glynwood, Long Island:

My letter must have miscarried. Coming in the morning.

COBURNES.

"Right," said Chantler.

Miss Sydney Langdon beat her gauntleted hands together and spoke reassuringly to the horses. She was indeed a beautiful girl. A wide soft Tam-o'-shanter of violet wool was pinned to the great coil of golden bronze hair, matching the violet of her eyes; her lashes were long and curved and golden; her mouth, small and finely modeled. She wore a sweater to match the cap and a black velvet skirt.

She drew out her watch and looked from it down the track again. Ten minutes late and still not in sight. She tightened the reins and made a tour of the block. When she pulled into the station the second time, the train was in—stood puffing at the farther end, and a man—very broad, very tall, very tanned—stood looking intently about him. Sydney surveyed him critically in search of something familiar.

At the sound of her horses' hoofs, he turned to her, flushed, and came slowly forward.

"Is it—Syd?" he asked softly.

Miss Langdon drew off her gauntlet impulsively and held out her hand to him.

"John," she cried, "John! I should never have known you."

He laughed. "Nor I, you," said he. "Ten years—ten years is a long time, Syd. Too long," he added gazing up at her.

Miss Langdon blushed.

"You've remained strangely young for such an old man, John," said she.

He stowed his suit-case in the back of the cart and climbed into the seat beside her.

"Are you cold?" she asked, tossing an end of the lap-robe to him and gathering the ribbons into her hand. "If you are, we'll take the new cut—it's shorter; otherwise, we'll go the long way, for it's a better road."

"Naturally, the long way," said Chantler.

Sydney laughed and drew the reins taut; they went sweeping ahead, down the road on a run. It was cool and still and sunny. Chantler sat back in his place, watched the light glistening through the shaded coils of her hair, and was glad.

"Well?" asked the girl abruptly.

"You've—you've grown, Syd. You must be quite nineteen," said Chantler. "Tell

me things, won't you? I want to know everything that has happened in these ten years."

"There isn't much to tell, really. I've been at school most of the time, and abroad the rest. I often wondered that we never ran across you abroad. Wasn't one of your books written there?"

"Books!" said Chantler. Then he flushed and turned to her earnestly. "Never mention the word to me if you would be my friend," he said.

She raised great disappointed eyes at that. "Oh," she begged, "I've counted so on hearing you tell about them—how the ideas came to you, and which you like best, and—and all that. I love them, John."

Certainly there were breakers ahead. Chantler sighed.

"Really," said he, "I don't know how the ideas came, and—well they all seem rather rot to me. Mayn't I tell you something else instead?"

He tried for the little bits he remembered from Coburne's infrequent letters and told her those, filling in and polishing beautifully on his own account—and the girl listened eagerly. He was a very interesting talker, was Chantler; his soft drawl was pleasant to hear.

At the first signs of sunset, Sydney gave the horses headway, and they took the remaining quarter-mile at record speed. The house-party was at tea when they arrived. Chantler followed Sydney through the wide hall, his nerves braced for a shock. It was unlikely that there was any one who knew him, still there might be someone who had seen Coburne more recently than his hostess, and anyone seeing both men would have little difficulty telling the difference. Aside from the resemblance of coloring, the two were not at all alike. His fears were apparently vain. He slowly rounded the circle shaking hands and bowing. They were all strangers to him. Then, just as he was congratulating himself on his lucky escape, Sydney caught sight of another person, an elderly woman seated off by herself in the corner, an open letter in her lap.

With a swift foreboding he crossed the hall again.

"Mr. Coburne—the Countess of Ravenscroft," said the girl.

Chantler bowed. The elderly woman glanced up, slowly raised her lorgnette and regarded him critically for an instant.

"John Coburne," said she, "h—m. You've changed."

Chantler's face reddened. He bowed again and eyed her fairly.

"The fever—in the Philippines, your ladyship," he said, in a low grave voice, and Sydney came to the rescue.

Chantler prepared for dinner in a most trying frame of mind. Evidently the countess had met Coburne himself somewhere; possibly, knew him very well. If that were the case, he must find some means of quieting her, or the tale was done. It seemed most likely, however, that she had met him only once, for the fever story, an invention of the moment had evidently reconciled her to the change in him. Then, also, if she intended to denounce him, she would surely have done so at once.

He cursed himself for ever having been so idiotic as to consider the foolish scheme. In his right senses he was sure he never would have done so. It was simply the outcome of his restlessness and his loneliness, and so entirely Coburne's fault! Chantler sat half-undressed on the edge of his trunk and

meditated, his eyes fixed sadly on the floor.

He could hear the valet fussing with the water for his tub—it was near the dinner hour—and everyone must be dressing. He had a mad desire to rush down-stairs and

away to escape further complications, but the mere thought of Coburne's tenantless rooms banished it. He lit a cigaret and headed for his bath.

As he dressed, Chantler struggled with Buckskin for what bits of information he could get. The valet had been with the Langdons five or six years and was pretty well informed concerning every member of the house-party. But Buckskin knew the deportment of a perfect valet. Early in life, he had taken the word of numerous lady-novelists and had cultivated that discreet wooden expression all book-servants wear, with amazing results. He had succeeded in stamping upon his face a most disagreeable and unnatural expression. He would rather be tarred and feathered than speak an unnecessary word, so Chantler fared not very well.

They had all gathered in the drawing-room when he came down, and he took Sydney in. Cecille whispered to him as he passed her chair, that she expected him to come and talk to her afterwards, and



DRAWN BY J. N. E. MARCHAND

"Is this Syd?" he asked softly

he promised that he would. Their places were laid near the head of the long oval table; the countess was on his left, Sydney on his right, then McCleod and Cecille. The rest of the bridesmaids and ushers occupied the other end of the room.

The countess at once began an endless discussion with Vandersaal upon the proper market for replenishing her racing string, in which discussion every stock-farm in the enlightened world was included.

Sydney turned to Chantler and smiled. Beyond her was a pink-shaded candelabra which cast the line of throat and shoulder in relief. Her gown was mauve, of three shades, and of simple design. She flushed at the tribute in his eyes.

"Does it seem good to be back?" asked the girl eagerly. "Is it all the same as you remember it, as you knew it would be?"

He met her eyes gravely and his voice fell.

"No," he said slowly. "I dreamed of something like this once, you know, but—well, I think I never expected it, and I swear I can't recall anything at all like it. Men do dream sometimes, too, you know."

Sydney leaned toward him and toyed with her rings.

"Do they?" she asked softly. "I didn't know. When do they dream, John—when do men find time to dream—just dreams, and what do they dream of?"

"What? Oh, of different things. How would I dare confess while you look at me with those beautiful, cynical eyes of yours? And when—well at twilight mostly, I guess, the moment they steal before dressing, you know, when they slip into the big chair by the grate and the pipe is handy, warm and sweet to the lips, and nearby, the ice crackles faintly in a certain long thin glass—I fancy they dream oftenest then, Syd. They're tired, most likely, and maybe a little lonely, too, and so—"

"Once," he went on slowly, after a pause, "there was a fellow who had one dream that he referred to at all such times. He had dreamed dreams before he found this, you know, but he liked it best and—well, the fancy pleased him. He had a sort of Dream Woman that he would tryst with, far away from the world in a trackless forest, and there—she was won-

derfully sympathetic, this woman, very womanly and sweet of course, and he would put his head in her lap, and while she ran her fingers through his hair, he would tell her his cares and worries and seek counsel, and then—"

"And then?" asked the girl breathless.

"And then probably the valet would shout: 'Quarter of seven, sir!'"

The girl drew back with a quick sigh of disappointment.

"Why," she said, "and I believed you—I actually thought you were serious. How horrid of you to jest about—about such things."

He laughed and met her eyes directly.

"Perhaps it was not all jest," said he. "Who knows?"

"I have a game," said Sydney, "that I am going to play with you sometime. It is called Truth."

"Truth?"

"When you play, such things as falsehoods and jests cease to exist. One must tell the truth and answer any question put to him. Will you play?"

"I've been promising myself to play that with someone for years and years and years, but the someone did not turn up. Yes, I think I'll play your game with you—sometime."

The butler slipped in beside her chair and placed a telegram before her. It was addressed to Cecille, but in the last few busy days, she had taken charge of all things. She slid it under the table dexterously, and with a nod of apology to Chantler, opened it. No one was observing them. For an instant, as she read, the room seemed to swim round her, then settled with a jolt. She realized the necessity of self-control, and desperately tried for it.

MISS CECILLE LANGDON:

Forgive my unpardonable negligence when your letter arrived was very busy preparing for trip south in general confusion neglected answering it sorry am unable to officiate my very best wishes.

JOHN COBURNE.

For an instant she was too surprised to think; then regaining her faculties, little things, insignificant at the time, recurred to her. This man at her side was not Coburne! He had not acted like Co-



DRAWN BY J. N. E. MARCHAND

"Just another little worry for Sydney"

burne at any time. Why had she been so utterly blind and stupid. The countess hadn't recognized him—he was embarrassed at the mention of his books—he hadn't picked out her mother or Cecille when they entered the hall that afternoon.

"Anything serious?" asked Chantler.

She turned to him and smiled, her eyes studying his.

"Not very. Just another disappointment, another little worry for Sydney," she said.

"How blind I was," she thought to herself. "He must be years younger than the other—and—he's better looking. What does he want? Why is he here? What shall I do about him? I daren't tell Cecille now, she's so nervous, and mother—I must attend to it myself. I couldn't have one of the men turn him out like a common intruder for—he isn't common. I simply must not let him out of my sight for an instant until I decide."

The conclusion evoked a multitude of different emotions.

"I wish Marguerite were here," finished Miss Langdon, and began on the fowl.

The following day was an almost impossibly happy one for Chantler. Sydney did not desert him for an instant. In the morning she rode with him; in the afternoon, they tramped miles for chestnuts, returning by rail; she was next him again at dinner, and there was pool and bridge afterwards. The girl, he decided, was determined that time should not hang heavy on his hands. She wanted Cecille's old chum not to be bored for a minute.

He found her, all in all, an adorable girl, and yet—she was unaccountably odd at times—a person of many moods. Undoubtedly the nervous strain of the large wedding was telling. For instance, the time he had written that note of thanks for her: she had almost wept because the

punctuation was not right! (He did not know that Coburne had sent a note of congratulation with his gift, and the handwriting was not the same.) And then again, when he had so markedly admired that gorgeous silver dinner-set of Vander-saal's: she had caught it out of his hands and looked at him in such a surprisingly appealing way. Nevertheless, he forgot these things immediately, and watched the wedding-day draw near, with increasing regret. There were just two more days and then the break-up.

Chantler sat long at his window that night, thinking things out—unmindful of the light behind him—and the girl in the next room walked the floor nervously, listening for the creak of a certain step in the hall.

Cecille did not appear the next day until evening. She had returned from the last pre-nuptial affair in an almost exhausted condition, only to be plunged at once into overseeing the completion of her *trousseau* and its packing. Three maids were locked in the sewing-room on the third floor, embroidering initials and crests, and Madame Someone or Other appeared every half-hour to adjust another gown or hat. Everything was conducted most quietly, however. Cecille had an unspeakable dislike to newspaper notoriety; she was determined that her wedding should have a little exclusiveness and none of the columns devoted to it that the weddings of most of her friends had. All of which had made the different sheets unusually keen to obtain the news denied them. As yet, with the exception of the first announcement, nothing had appeared.

The twentieth was a wonderful day, sunny and warm and still. By chance all of the party breakfasted together—all, that is, save Sydney. She had put Buckskin on Chantler's trail at seven o'clock, and had gone into town for the mail. The breakfast-party was sadly dull and bored; never a mouth opened save when something went into it. The night before had been given over to His Majesty Edward's favorite game, baccarat, and had been, therefore, an unusually long one; the coming evening was to see the rehearsal-dinner at the Country Club, the rehearsal,

and the usual crush that marks the night before a wedding. Buckskin was serving eye-openers to the gentlemen, and a maid was presiding over the chafing-dishes, when suddenly the sound of hoof-beats rushing up the driveway were heard, followed by Sydney hurrying in, her face flushed, her eyes stormy.

"Look!" she cried, dropping the mail and a pile of dailies to wave the top sheet. "Just look at this—mother—Bobby—all of you!"

It was a double sheet, violently illuminated, and headed: "Wedding Bells," and purported to be authentic news of the Langdon-McCleod nuptials. There were pictures of "Glynwood," and of Bobby's shooting-lodge in Scotland; of Cecille in evening-dress and Cecille in street garb; of Bobby in his uniform and of Bobby on horseback; drawings and descriptions of the gowns and *lingerie* and wedding-gifts; and a complete list of the invited guests.

"Surprisin'," gasped the Countess of Ravenscroft and lost her breath.

"Cecille will be so annoyed," said little Mrs. Langdon softly. "How could they have gotten it?"

"That's what I want to know," said Sydney. "The worst of it is it's all true. If we had supplied the information ourselves it couldn't have been more accurate. I've read the whole of it."

"Disgustin'," cried the countess.

"Can't we suppress it or something?" inquired the Hon. Bobby. "It's wonderful how these American sheets do get on."

"I call it common, rude, and caddish," said Sydney clearly, "when our wishes in the matter were so well known. Those papers all sent men up here when the cards first went out. I saw them personally and explained Cecille's views of the thing. I even requested them not to print news of the wedding."

"Is it in all of the papers, then?" asked Mrs. Langdon.

"No, in only one. One of the reporters informed me that the news is of such general interest it will be impossible to keep it entirely out of print. I—I thought we could manage it."

The Honorable Bobby was poring over the portraits of himself and chuckling.

"Someone on the inside has given them

these," he said finally. "Aren't there some sewing-girls or—or packers who could be responsible?"

Sydney started. "Why," she said, "could—do you suppose anyone would enter our home under false pretenses for just—news?"

"Assuredly," cried Chantler, "those fellows would do anything for a heat like this."

"Oh," cried Sydney, looking up at him, "it's contemptible, don't you think—Mr. Coburne?"

In the pause that followed, her eyes swept his face earnestly.

"I don't know," said Chantler slowly. "It might be somebody's bread and butter, you see, Syd. It might be."

"Why—somebody's—bread and butter? I see," said Sydney slowly, and the color rushed over her face. "Why—yes. I hadn't thought of that!"

"And so," said Sydney finally, "that is how matters stand." She tugged at her long white gloves, fastened them, and hugged her cluster of American beauties affectionately. "It's dreadful! Here I am, a real honor-maid at a real wedding, for the first time in my life, and not able to think of it at all! My whole attention is given to that hateful Deceiver—has been since I first set eyes on him."

She walked restlessly back and forth, careful, however, to stay on the sheet spread out for her, and her train made a creamy, billowy moat about her. Miss Marguerite Kingsly, on her sheet, conveniently near, stretched her tanned arms wearily and patted her shining coiffure.

"You don't seem to mind thinking of him, Syd," spoke Miss Kingsly candidly. "And since he appears to be perfectly straight goods save the label—why worry? A rose by any other name, you know. He didn't send in those notices, if that's what is worrying you. No mere male man in the world could describe those gowns of Cecille's so splendidly. It was some clever newsp per-woman who has got in here somehow and—" The maid who was assisting Miss Kingsly wilted perceptibly at this. Miss Kingsly noted the incident, but continued with scarcely a pause—"that first idea of yours about a

gentleman-burglar is rot, of course. It's a wager or dare or something, you may be sure. If I were you, I'd simply say: 'My dear chap, now that you've seen the wedding and satisfied your curiosity, kindly let me in on the game.'"

"I believe you're right about those news-sheets," decided Sydney, ignoring Miss Marguerite's final remarks, "but he must have a reason for being here. He'll explain sometime, I know—for he really is a gentleman, but it's so hard—waiting."

Miss Kingsly steered silently for the door, only breathing again when she reached the white-crash security of the stairs.

"Syd," she gasped, "he hasn't seen me; he doesn't know my name?"

"Why—no," said Sydney.

"I've got him," cried Miss Kingsly gayly. "You must confront him with me and say, 'I have a surprise for you, Johnny—do you call him 'Johnny,' Syd?—here is your sister Marguerite—or May—or Jane.'"

"Oh," said Sydney, surprised and timid.

The moment was psychological. How they would have decided alone and unaided is not to be known, for Chantler at that moment came toward them up the stairs. There was a little recess, a sort of landing with a broad seat running around the wall.

"John," said Sydney impulsively, standing before her friend, "I have a surprise for you."

Chantler stood at attention, the mischievous light leaping up in his eyes to match the light in hers.

"At the last minute—obtained after many and lengthy letters of pleading, behold your sister—eh—Edithe."

She stepped aside dramatically. The whole affair being impromptu, was most unreal. Chantler gazed for the fraction of a moment, critically, at the sister so unexpectedly thrust upon him. Then advancing with the pleasantest of smiles, he took Miss Kingsly into his arms and kissed her. It was a gallery-play. Sydney gave one horrified glance at the bogus Miss Coburne, turned quickly, and fled, her face as red as her roses. Miss Kingsly gasped for breath. She rubbed her handkerchief vigorously over the assaulted lips;



DRAWN BY J. N. E. MARCHAND

"I had to—I wanted to—"

her eyes went first angry, then amused, and suddenly her laugh rang out unrestrained.

"Well," said Miss Kingsly, "you surely rose to the occasion. I deserved it."

Chantler surveyed her. "Are you—" he began gravely, "hasn't she seen you for ten years either? What's your game?"

"Precisely," said Miss Kingsly, "what I was trying to learn from you—without asking."

It was a most unusual situation, Chantler considered.

"I knew you were not Miss Coburne, of course," he ventured. "There isn't any. Did you write those articles for the papers?"

"No—well—let's both confess," suggested Miss Kingsly. "Will you?"

"The time for explanations, certainly seems to have come," agreed Chantler.

Miss Kingsly told him her story, but she was destined not to hear his just then. She had barely finished, when the first chords of the Mendelssohn March reached them. It was the signal for the bridal party to form.

Chantler stood at McCleod's side, and watched Sydney come down the aisle towards them, her eyes on the floor, her face flushed—almost too beautiful to be real. The ceremony and the long supper he could never afterwards remember. There seemed a vast confusion in his memory from the time he saw Sydney come slowly down the white aisle until the lights of the bridal-auto vanished down the drive, and everyone was dripping with rice.

Then he stepped out a bit toward the middle of the wide hall, and began to tell his story. There were only the house-guests about him—the men and women who had met him as Coburne, so he began at the receiving of Coburne's invitation to occupy his rooms, and told it all. I mentioned before that Chantler was an interesting talker, and as a result he held

every attention until the end of his tale.

"This is jolly brave of you, Mr. Chantler," said Marguerite Kingsly. "I am glad to know you."

The rest followed suit. They shook hands with him and talked and laughed until the bell rang. They made him promise to look them up in town, to run out to here and there to stay with them.

But Chantler broke away from them all; he stepped into the little den where Sydney had gone on the ending of his tale, and found her there in the dark looking out at the moonlit winter night. The first snow of the year was falling in timid, uncertain swirls.

"You haven't said that you forgive me," said Chantler softly.

Sydney raised her eyes slowly, and even in the dim light he saw that they warmed and softened as they looked into his.

"For not being Coburne?" asked the girl, "or for staying on here deceiving us? You didn't, you know. I found out the day you came."

"Syd!" cried Chantler astonished, "and you let me stay?"

"I had to; I wanted to. I soon saw that you weren't an ordinary adventurer and—I rather—liked you. I believed you would explain sometime, and, so I waited."

"Syd, dear," said Chantler slowly, "I'm not your playmate of long ago—I'm not a famous writer of books—I'm not much of anything, dear, at all, but just a man, and I love you—Syd—you—know. Do you—could you—care for—me?"

Sydney caught her breath sharply. She stretched out her arms, and resting them silently on his shoulders, looked up at him. Deliberately—unbelieving, he caught her sweet flushed face between his hands and looked down into her wide eyes—then—with a sob of joy she went into his arms, and their lips met. A stream of rice rattled down the folds of her gown to the floor about them.

His Glorious Fourth

BY ISABEL McDOUGALL

Author of "Otsugata-no-gata," etc.

CRACK! Crackle - ackle - ackle! pop!
BANG!

"I shan't sleep a wink all night," was the last thing Aunt Cornie said to Tom Graham on the evening of the third of July. And "I haven't slept a wink all night," was the first thing she said to him on the morning of the Fourth. Twice during the night she waked him to ask if he did not smell smoke.

Crack! cra-a-ack! crack!

Aunt Cornie shuddered. Her nephew put up his eye-glasses and looked at her with an amused lack of sympathy. The nerves of twenty-eight are not as the nerves of fifty-three. And this was a fact Aunt Cornie never could grasp. She counted the young man as a contemporary—a somewhat unintelligent contemporary, one requiring frequent admonition, yet still one who ought to remember the great fire, one who ought to fill his spare hours with the same small duties that satisfied her.

This morning, Tom had a modest holiday program of his own—to sleep late, to breakfast leisurely for once, to smoke an undisturbed morning-pipe in the garden, and then to follow the yacht race with Chip Matthews and Old Jones. He had not, however, been allowed to sleep late and now—crack! crack! pop!

"I should think, Tom, the Civic Federation might take up this matter of a rowdy Fourth."

"There's the mayor's proclamation," he reminded her wearily. It is a pity to be weary at the very beginning of a holiday.

"The mayor!" sniffed Aunt Cornie. "The mayor has forbidden toy-pistols, and I believe every child in the flat opposite has one. Elizabeth and Cornelia would have them if my orders were no better obeyed than his. There goes one now!" Aunt Cornie jumped. "You don't suppose it could have set the house on fire?"

"You might go and see," suggested Tom, propping his newspaper against the sugar-bowl and bending over it until only a thick mat of dark hair met Aunt Cornie's view.

No more unselfish man than Tom Graham ever took up the burden that another had dropped, yet at times the undiluted society of his orphan half-sisters and their aunt palled upon him. This one blessed holiday he would be free for twelve full hours. Even if the breeze fell there would still be beer and baccy, the air of all outdoors, and real man's-talk.

Augusta hurried him over his late breakfast. She had much to do before starting on the Patriotic Picnic of the Sons and Daughters of Columbia.

"But you are a daughter of *Deutschland*, Owgoosta," Tom remonstrated. He always carefully pronounced her name as she pronounced it herself.

"*Garnicht*," said Owgoosta, very firmly. "Mine gentleman friend he say ven man is in a stable *geborn* man is not dere for an horse."

"True," agreed Tom, "man may be an—something else. So you are bent on celebrating the Fourth."

"Everybody should to celebrate on the Foort' of Yuly," said Owgoosta.

So he good-naturedly gulped his coffee and betook himself with his pipe to the grape-arbor in their old-fashioned garden, that was become a sunken garden since successive grading had raised the sidewalk four feet above the street level. The Grams lived on one of those short streets leading to the lake that contain samples of every period in Chicago architecture. There was a frame house, and a row of light stone houses adjoining it; opposite were vacant lots and miscellany, but both corners toward the lake were occupied by veritable mansions wreathed in vines.

Crack! pop! bang! Already the grass of the parkways was littered with torn red paper and flattened pasteboard cylinders. The blacksmith's shop had cotton flags tacked over the door and Chinese-lanterns in the windows. In front of the livery-stable some big boys touched off a miniature cannon, standing at a respectful distance; the report of the little engine was deafening. Small boys shouted defis at

one another. Small girls strutted past in stiff white frocks, their hair tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. Whole families trooped out of the flat buildings carrying baskets and wraps. Cr-a-a-ack! went the firecrackers. Boom! went the livery-stable cannon. "Gee, fellers! I'm so hoarse I can't holler!"

Tom, smoking in the grape-arbor, looked at it all and saw that it was good. Everybody "should to celebrate on the Fourth."

Two wails arose above the "hollering" and the crackling. Two little girls in underwaists and panties rushed into the grape-arbor and flung their bare arms about him.

"Oh, brother Tom, can't we wear our white dresses?" stormed Elizabeth.

"Oh, bub-brother Tom, auntie won't let us!" wept Cornelia.

"Everybody wears white dresses on the Fourth of July."

"I don't," said Tom, to gain time.

Somewhere back of the vine-leaves a sudden laugh bubbled forth.

Aunt Cornie hurried down the garden-path and the fray was on. Indeed she was not going to have the children's best things ruined with sparks. It was hard enough to keep them decently clothed. Last year they had come pretty close to setting themselves on fire.

Tom sucked on his pipe in commiserating silence till the tumult and the shouting died within the house. The annual battle over, the fitting garb for Independence day was lost. Sounds of subsiding conflict came out to him from the second story window. Suddenly it broke forth afresh.

"Why! everybody has firecrackers on the Fourth of July!" rang Elizabeth's angry voice.

"You always let us before," remonstrated the gentler Cornelia.

In another minute four active feet clattered on the porch and then four blue-flannel arms clutched the young man. Two eager voices cried as one:

"She says 'Yes,' if you'll take us to the esplanade where it's safe!"

With a premonition of defeat Tom said it was too bad, but he had a date. Didn't they want an ice-cream soda?

They did, but they also wanted to set off their firecrackers. Everybody did on the Fourth of July.

No, Aunt Cornie dassn't leave the house; she would expect to find it in ashes on her return. Two fire-engines had been by this morning already.

"No," Aunt Cornie herself responded to his final appeal. She had said she could not keep an eye on the children from the stoop. What, let them set off crack-

ers on the wooden pavement, with a frame house close by? Tom must be crazy.

Tom thought he would be crazy to spend his holiday taking care of kids.

"Everybody does on the Fourth of July," whimpered Cornelia, her mind still on fireworks.

If the Lord loveth the cheerful giver only, he could have entertained no affection for Tom Graham, humped gloomily over an unread magazine on a step of the esplanade.



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"Coz"

The breeze that blew freshly off the illimitable stretch of water carried the din of the city in the opposite direction. The waves washed with pleasant monotony upon the paved beach. A group of optimists held fishing-poles from the point at North Avenue. In front of them the lighthouse flaunted its raw-red at the jade-colored lake, streaked with brown on the shoals. A scattering of the shabby leisure-class drowsed on benches in the grass. Back of them the gray and purple and yellow mansions of the Lake Shore Drive stood disdainfully closed and silent. Only from behind the wrought-iron railing of one came the pop-popping of packs upon packs of firecrackers, exploded lavishly for a millionairelet who had not been taken out of town.

Upon this scene there entered a little girl and an older girl, both wearing the frilly, flouncy white that Aunt Cornie reprobated. Mighty becoming, allee samee, Tom told himself. The little girl also wore a star-spangled sash and star-spangled bows on her pigtails. Upon them ran Cornelia and Elizabeth with mad shouts of "Tessie! Oh, Tessie!" The star-spangled child whooped in answer. A juvenile whirlwind stormed over Tom, depositing a breathless derelict in white upon his step. A red parasol unfurled itself, a pair of black-lashed eyes met his with a recognizing sparkle that swept his hat from his head. But—er—who was she? In his bachelor-of-family life young ladies had no part. Who was she?

With a vague murmur of apology he fled to demand it of the children.

"Dunno'," said Elizabeth, busy putting a cap in her cane.

"Dunno'," said Cornelia, exploding hers with a sharp tap. The little girl? Surely brother Tom knew Tessie from next door!

And Tessie-from-next-door, on being interrogated, answered with nonchalance.

"Why, it's my cousin that came yesterday—Look 'Lizabeth! you needn't to bang it on the ground. You just throw it away. See, like that." Squeals of delight from Elizabeth.

Tom forced his courage into line with his inclination and walked back to where the girl adorned the curb.

"The children are enjoying themselves, aren't they?" he ventured.

"I should be sorry if they were not," she answered, "since you gave up your pleasure for theirs, Mr. Graham."

"Wh-wh-what?" quavered Tom.

She laughed, a delicious liquid laugh that tormented his memory. At the same time she deftly caught his magazine that the wind was fluttering away.

"Oh, I see," he said, "you got my name from that."

The laughter rippled lightly forth again, teasing yet enchanting.

"You ought to tell me yours; you ought to play fair with me."

"Perhaps I ought not to play at all with a person who has not been introduced," she debated.

"I am timid myself," he acknowledged seriously. Her delicately lifted eyebrows inspired him to add, "Might not our mutual friend yonder introduce us?"

She gave him an approving glance. She had been told that Tom Graham was "as good as gold, my dear, a slave to duty and all that, but terribly shy and awkward."

"Tessie! Oh, Tessie!" she hailed. "Do you know how to introduce people?"

"Sure!" said the valiant Tessie. "You must always introduce the gentleman to the lady. This way, Coz: this is 'Lizabeth and Cornelia's brother Tom. 'Low me to make you acquainted."

The girl swept a quaint courtesy. "Pleased to know you, brother Tom," she drawled, offering a slim hand.

And lo, a miracle! Its warm satin-touch lightened his heart and loosed his tongue. He forgot that she was that awe-inspiring creature, a "society girl," and he a dull domestic recluse on his way to old bachelorhood. He found himself chatting to her as unconcernedly as if she had been Owgoosta. He made guesses at her name. Coz. of course, meant "cousin." Cousin Edith? Cousin Maud? Cousin Eleanör? She told him he was not even warm. He said he was satisfied to call her Coz. In Shakespeare's sweetest comedy *Rosalind* called *Celia* "Coz."

"Just as Tessie does," she assented, her dimples all in play. "Tessie is such a Shakespearian scholar."

"She looks the part," Tom commented.

Tessie, with her back turned, was stooping double to scrape little mounds of sand around some firecrackers. Her starched short skirts stood out about her plump inverted person like the petals of a giant daisy or, as Tom misquoted the poet, "like frills upon the quietful porcupine."

They watched the eruption of one miniature volcano.

"See Vesuvius!" said his companion idly.

nose to the grindstone and held it there ever since. His old shyness returned with a sudden revulsion against her perfect poise, her gay voice, even the fluttering lace of her dress. While he was slaving by day and doing nurse-duty by night this charming butterfly was flitting about the world with other butterflies.

A sense of being at a disadvantage held him to gruff monosyllables while she



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

Tom

Tom ventured a confession that upon hot days, when the sky was unflawed turquoise and the water sapphire, streaked with emerald, white-rimmed by its encircling coast, Lake Michigan made him think of the Bay of Naples.

"Because it is so different!" scoffed Coz in her soft, slow tones, "*O dolce Napoli!* Remember how it looks from the Bertolini terrace by moonlight."

He said shortly that he could not remember what he had never seen. He did not tell her that he had left college to put his

patiently made conversation about the sights of Europe, celebrations of the Fourth there—anything, even those juvenile Fourth's when firecrackers and punk were all important—"And can't you remember discussing whether 'punk' or 'spunk' was the right name?"

He, too, had met that linguistic difficulty, but he forgot to answer. With glum, downcast eyes he studied the cover of his magazine.

"Why, my name isn't on it!" he accused suddenly.

Coz grew rosy; the gayety lurking under her black lashes rippled over her lips. He had thought nothing could be prettier than her laugh when first he heard it; accompanied by a blush it was adorable. When first he heard it—to be sure—

"In the grape-arbor! You must have been close behind; you heard me say I would bring the children here—"

"Mr. Graham! Tessie!" The mirthful friendly color deepened into an angry flush. It took him a minute to understand that he was held guilty of believing she had come to the esplanade because she knew he would be there.

"Heavens! Coz—Miss—What kind of an idiot do you take me for? I thought you laughed because I was so weak-minded with the children. I thought—"

"Tessie, I say!"

"—thought you naturally asked your hostess who was the chump that lived next door—"

"TESSIE!"

And when the child reluctantly approached: "Tell Mr. Graham just when you and I decided to set off our crackers on the esplanade."

"Why, yesterday afternoon, Coz, don't you remember; you said it was the dandiest place you ever saw, 'n' you'd come with me if mother wanted, 'n'—"

"There, Mr. Graham."

"I am sorry you thought that necessary," said the young man stiffly.

She made no answer. After a minute he went on in the manner of one, who having once been misunderstood, would say nothing that might lay him open to rebuke.

"The esplanade is indeed the dand—the most beautiful drive I know of—city drive, that is," he carefully elaborated. "Riverside Drive is well enough," with a side glance at her averted profile; "Hyde Park I understand, has good points; and ah—the *Bois*, I think you mentioned the *Bois*? And the Pincian at Rome," dropping the names slowly with long intervals between.

Her lips twitched but she preserved silence. He launched into rhetoric.

"Where else, I ask you, can one find, a few yards from one's door, a gleaming open sea, with lovely curves of shore winding out to points, waves lapping at one's feet, gulls flashing overhead—"

She spoke abruptly. "Mr Graham, when I heard you—in the grape-arbor—I—liked you for being so nice to your little sisters."

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love, but why need you kick me downstairs," he quoted sarcastically.

"Oh well, if you don't want to be friends—" She shut her red parasol as if she would close the incident.

"But I do. Of course I do. I want it more than anything in the world. Won't you shake hands on that Miss—Coz?"

Her smile came slowly, but she gave him her hand, looking past his eager face, over his shoulder.

Suddenly she pulled it away with an exclamation that made him wheel in the direction of her gaze. But, quicker than he, she had sprung past him, clasped Tessie in her arms, and even as he turned both of their thin dresses were in a blaze. He rushed towards them tearing off his coat.

"In the lake! in the lake!" he roared to the older girl, while he wrapped the coat about the screaming Tessie, beating and crushing the flames with his hands.

Whether he pushed the young lady down, whether she fell, whether she deliberately rolled from the inclined pavement into the water he could not tell in that moment of excitement. His hands were scorching. Tessie shrieked appallingly. His little sisters danced about yelling, too. People began to race toward them. His anxious gaze vainly sought that other white-clad figure. Where was she? How could any one sink out of sight close by a gradually sloping beach.

He thrust the frightened child into the arms of a park policeman, kicked off his shoes, and dashed into the lake. To his surprise it suddenly deepened to some ten feet immediately beyond the paved beach, and but for automatically striking out, he, too, would have gone to the bottom.

There she was! There! Her pretty face showing astonishment rather than fright came to the surface two yards off.

"I'm—I'm out!" she gasped, with a choking sputter of laughter. She made motions with her arms, though she was evidently no swimmer, and his heart warmed to her pluck.



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"Everybody should to celebrate on the Foort' of July"

Down she went again. This time he had her. "Don't clutch. So! so! Now we're all right."

It was an easy matter to get her ashore. He gave her his arm, the policeman carried Tessie, still shrieking with excitement, the little sisters ran ahead of their dripping figures, Cornelia, with a thoughtfulness beyond her years, gathering up Tom's hat

and coat. More of a crowd than one would suppose could assemble quickly followed after the little procession as it moved up the paved beach, across the lawns, across the Drive with its speeding autos, on into their own street, to the door next to the grape-arbor.

The day moved westward as if nothing

had happened. Fireworks kept on as if no cracker had set a little girl's frock on fire; as if no big girl had set a young man's heart on fire. Crack! pop! bang! marked off the hours; no diminution of noise as the afternoon wore on—increase, rather, Tom thought. The little girls, sated with explosives, played with paper dolls. The young man made a show of reading in his arbor. No novel heroine, however, could drive the flesh-and-blood one out of his mind. Her courage, her beauty, her delicious laugh. He heard it again!

He indubitably did. Here she was, walking into his old garden with a lady and gentleman.

"Pardon us, Mr. Graham, but your bell doesn't ring, and we had to come and thank you. Mr. Graham, my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Romaine."

And then Tessie's mother and father were vehemently shaking hands with him. And Tessie's cousin, Celia, was prompting and adding and helping to cover him with confusion at their gratitude. And then he had accepted an invitation to join them in their auto to Ravinia.

Aunt Cornie sat up for him, and Tom had to give an account of himself when he returned. He had had the time of his life. Oh, nothing much; motoring, moonlight, a good dinner at a jolly little table under the trees—where they let you smoke—and heavenly music. She knew how Damrosch

conducted—such enthusiasm, such sympathy, such contagious enjoyment. He had a good deal to say about the music, and his liking for the effects of lamps among the foliage, and the number of acquaintances he had seen. The last thing played was "My country 'tis of thee," and every one stood and sang it.

Yes, Mr. Romaine drove the machine. Mrs. Romaine sat in front. He, Tom, sat in the tonneau with Miss Romaine. No, indeed, not uppish at all. What an idea! Very jolly, very nice neighbors; they must be more neighborly in future. Well, he was glad the children were asleep and the house hadn't burned down this time.

He didn't say that under cover of patriotic enthusiasm he held Miss Romaine's hand while they sang "America." She only half-tried to take it away, too. When he bade her "Good-night," he had got it again and had said, "Remember, Coz, we have been through fire and water together." And she had murmured, "Yes, indeed!" And, by George, it was she who had pressed his hand!

He hummed America while he undressed,

"My heart with rapture swells
Like that above!"

he sang as he put out his light.

Crack, crack! pop! pop! bang! went the fireworks. Siss—boom!

"Everybody should to celebrate on the Foort' of July."

The Caledorians

BY RUTH WILSON HERRICK

THE Caledorian club leaned forward eagerly as its president drew forth from a pink envelope a mysteriously crinkling note. This was the first communication that the club had ever received, and, if one might assume to judge from the queer spelling on the envelope, it was also the first time that any of its members had had occasion to write out its illustrious name. Hitherto the word "Caledorian" had served merely as a nominal necessity, or as an argument for the club's importance to be flaunted in the face of unbelieving

masculinity; hence arose the flutter attendant upon the receipt of this letter addressed in the club name. The president, just as she was about to disclose the contents, suddenly raised the missive to her nose and sniffed appreciatively.

"H—m! Violets!" she said.

"Don't wait to smell," broke in one impatient enthusiast, addressing the chair in accordance with faultless parliamentary law. "Let's hear what she says."

Madame President pushed back her fluffy hair and placed a pair of eye-glasses

upon her official nose as she dutifully commenced to read:

DEAR GIRLS:

I suppose it is in defiance of all honeymoon-precedents to write a letter like this upon a wedding-trip; but instead of waiting for your next meeting, which I believe is in two weeks, I am going to give you an extra fortnight to scrap about a new member, for I have to resign. We are going to have an apartment way over on Hamilton avenue, and so I shall be unable to get over to the meetings. We are having a fine time and expect to be back next week.

Lovingly,

MARTHA BENTON.

"How funny her new name sounds!" exclaimed Alice Robson just ahead of the sudden Babel of voices. "Girls, do be quiet a moment and listen! Now that there's a vacancy we can put Miss Norton in, and she's such a dandy girl that I'm sure we'll all like her."

Marion Cass looked up quickly with an undeniable pucker upon her white forehead.

"May I ask, Madame President, how long Miss Norton's name has been on the waiting-list?" she inquired, ignoring Alice with the coolness born of dislike.

But Alice turned around squarely in her chair.

"What waiting-list?" she demanded. "I didn't know we had such a thing."

In answer, Marion waved her hand referringly toward the secretary, Katherine French. Throughout the twenty-three years of her life she had been known as "Peace-making Kitty," and from her blue eyes to her golden hair she was the image of tranquility. Just now she was twirling her wedding-ring thoughtfully, and unconscious of the conversation at the other side of the room, was saying to her nearest neighbor:

"How ridiculous to imagine the girls scrapping over a new member! We've never had a word in this club yet."

A faint smile flitted over several of the girlish faces in the room, and the two disputants themselves looked a trifle subdued as the subject was broached to the custodian of the club annals.

"A waiting-list?" smiled Katherine. "Why, it does sound rather natural, but where would I find it? Have we any rules or by-laws?"

"I move the secretary be instructed to look through the minutes," suggested Marion, whose parliamentary methods delighted all the girls except Alice Robson.

Katherine ran her finger hastily down several pages.

"Oh, here's something about it," she said importantly. "'June first—It has just been moved, seconded, put to a vote, voted upon, and carried unanimously that the club have a waiting-list.'"

"Well, what does that prove?" asked Alice. "Let's have the names of the people that are clamoring for admission. Personally, though, I don't see why we can't vote on any member that we want to put in the club instead of running everything by those cut-and-dried rules of order."

"I move the secretary be instructed to continue her search," said Marion with a charming smile on her sweet face.

The secretary raised on high one plump arm.

"Eureka!" she cried dramatically, trying to pass the whole matter off as a joke.

"June fifteenth—Martha has just proposed the name of Miss Van de Somebody—Van de Vloeg, I guess—for admission to the club when there is a vacancy. Her name is hereby placed on the waiting-list."

"Who's she?" gasped Alice.

Madame President pulled the handle out of her gavel and poked her little finger inquiringly into the hole.

"I never heard of such a girl," she observed, "but how Dutchy her name sounds!"

"That makes no difference," said Marion Cass, sitting up quickly upon the crowded davenport. "Pardon me, Madame President, but I neglected, first of all, to ask for recognition."

"Don't mention it," said the presiding officer hastily, uncertain as to the answer such an occasion demanded.

"Miss Van de Vloeg," continued Marion, "is evidently some friend of Martha's, and before Martha was married she proposed her friend's name. She has resigned now, to be sure, but that is no reason why we should rule out her friend's name from the waiting-list."

Alice's frank black eyes flashed in unconcealed irritation. "Does anyone know her?" she inquired, glancing about the

room. Dead silence reigned. "Then," she proceeded, "I move we put in Miss Norton. She's the jolliest girl you ever saw. Everyone that knows her simply goes crazy over her dimples. As for this Miss Van, who will ever be the wiser if we quietly drop her name from the waiting-list? Her only friend is out of the club now, and Martha is a great deal too sensible to care whom we put in her place."

"Madame President," said Marion, leaning back gracefully upon a convenient cushion, "I wish to disclaim any personal interest in this matter, but for the welfare of the club I should be in favor of adhering strictly to business principles. We have hitherto conducted the club on a purely legal basis, and I contend that it would mean the death of the whole organization to vote down the waiting-list and put a blot of selfish preference upon its records."

"Let's have them both," proposed the secretary.

"No, the membership is limited to twenty," objected a dozen voices.

Madame President wriggled her little finger quickly out of the gavel, pushed the handle back into place, and gave the table a vigorous thump.

"Girls," she called, "come to order and listen. Haven't we a membership committee? Look it up, Katherine."

Confusion immediately prevailed and several eager members rushed over to help the secretary in her search.

"Here! Here it is!" they cried suddenly, and a chorus of voices read:

"'It has been moved, seconded, put to a vote, voted upon, and carried unanimously that the president appoint a membership committee of three.'"

"Well, what girls did I put on it?" asked the president impatiently.

A convulsive giggle swept the ranks of the secretary's assistants and Katherine read aloud in a queer voice, "'Alice Robson, Marion Cass, and Katherine French.'"

"Well, I guess it's up to you and your vote, Kit," remarked the president. "You seem to be the only uncertain quantity." Then as the membership committee failed to join in the consequent hilarity, she added hurriedly, "Girls, all take your seats and come to order. We'll leave the business to the committee and go on with

the program. Who has the paper this afternoon?"

With a gradual *diminuendo* the confusion subsided to a murmur and a tall girl with a manuscript moved near the reading-lamp on the center-table to conduct the club through an intricate discussion upon "A Comparative Consideration of the Financial Systems, Burial Customs, Topographical Peculiarities, and the Position of Woman in the African, European, and Asiatic Continents." The girls listened appreciatively, comprehending with a tacit understanding the work with which such an elaborate paper had been constructed; for each member had herself encountered the difficulties attendant upon such a literary pursuit, and was acquainted with the task of manipulating huge dictionaries and encyclopedias, and of condensing into pronounceable form the contents thereof.

It was late in the afternoon before the membership committee was again mentioned. In fact, Katherine French, the chairman, had with instinctive tact delayed the announcements concerning it until the refreshments had been served and the club had dissolved into a chattering mass about the door. Then she slowly adjusted her long veil, and with one hand on the knob, said smilingly.

"We'll have that committee meeting a week from to-day at my house. One o'clock sharp. And, girls, bring your sewing over and we'll spend the rest of the afternoon talking and having a good time."

The door closed quietly upon her, leaving two answers unspoken.

And now ensued a busy week for the peaceful secretary, inasmuch as Alice Robson and her friends, aligned upon the side of Miss Norton, vied for Katherine's favor, with the Marion Cass contingent, aligned upon the side of pure legality.

The first intimation that Katherine herself had of this diplomatic battle came early the next morning. The little clock on the mantel had barely struck ten when the door-bell rang, and Katherine, hastily flinging her dusting-cloth behind a sofa-pillow, ran to the door and found her mother toiling up the last flight of stairs.

"Let me sit down," she was gasping.

"I'm all out of breath, as usual, from that climb."

Katherine embraced her mother tenderly, pondering, meanwhile, the cause of such an early visit. However, she was soon to be enlightened.

"What do I hear?" that good lady commenced when she had recovered her equanimity. "That lovely club of yours to be broken up? What a pity! And you girls have known each other since you were children, and have grown up together, and have all seen each other married!"

"Oh, not all," laughed Katherine, as she continued her dusting. "You can't imagine how my irreverent husband has classified the club girls. He calls them the married, the engaged, and the want-to-be's. But who's been talking to you, mother mine?"

"Marion Cass and her mother ran in this morning, just after breakfast, and told me all the circumstances. No, you needn't tell me any more. I know all about that Alice Robson and about her friend and about the way she is planning to break up the club with her selfishness. She may call those rules of order all nonsense, but, my child, this matter is, as Mrs. Cass says, a clear case of right and wrong. The decision of the whole matter rests with you. Overlook that waiting-list and you break the rules that perpetuate the club's integrity; elect your rightful applicant for membership, ruling out that superfluous Miss Norton, and you save your club from a dishonorable death. Choose, Katherine! And may your decision be worthy of your mother's training! Can you come over to-morrow afternoon and help me tie a comfort? Marion and her mother are coming over, so we shall have a fine opportunity to talk about matters. Now I must hasten down-town and make some purchases."

As Katherine thoughtfully closed the door, the telephone-bell rang.

"Hello!" she answered, taking down the receiver. "Oh, this is Alice Robson. An impromptu luncheon for Miss Norton to-morrow? I'm afraid I couldn't to-morrow, but would the day after do? All right then, at half-past one. No, of course I shan't mention the club. Good-by."

"How lovely of Alice!" thought Kath-

erine. "Now I can meet that friend of hers. I really ought to have defended her before mother, but she is always so determined that I hate to dispute with her. There's the postman's ring."

She ran down to the mail-box eagerly, her stiffly starched dress rustling at each step. There were only two small notes peering at her through the beveled glass when she turned the key in the lock, and Katherine looked disappointed until she drew them out and opened the sweetest smelling one with a convenient hair-pin.

"Aha!" she cried. "An invitation to a *matinée*-party given by some of the girls for Miss Norton. Alice got that up, I know. Yes, of course, here's her name heading the list. Now, what's the other one, I wonder? A note from Marion's mother asking me not to make any dates for Sunday until I hear from her again. Isn't that queer!"

Katherine looked puzzled as she ran upstairs, and, sitting down at the desk by the window, she methodically replaced the hairpin in her golden hair.

"I must certainly make a note of all these things," she said, pulling out from the desk a memorandum-book. "Let me see! Wednesday: Tie comfort at mother's. Thursday: Take luncheon with Alice. Saturday: *Matinée* with the girls."

A trill outside the window suddenly attracted her attention, and, looking out, she beheld her brother and Marion Cass.

"Hello there!" called down Katherine, opening the window. "Come on up and stay to luncheon. I'm all alone to-day."

"Don't care if I do," said her brother promptly. "Come on, Marion."

"I can't to-day," Marion answered, pinning a huge bunch of violets more firmly on her coat. She looked very dainty, dressed all in dark blue, and her cheeks were flushed with a most becoming tinge of embarrassment. "I wish I could, Kit, but I have to be down-town in an hour. By the way, I looked up Miss Van de Vloeg to-day, and I found that she is a schoolteacher. Let's go around and visit her school to-morrow."

"Fine!" assented Katherine. "I'd love to go, but we'll have to make it some other day. How would Friday do?"

"It's all the same to me. You won't

mention the club, of course," said Marion hastily. "It's just as well, though, that we know her before we ask her to join. By the way, you can cast my vote for me at the committee-meeting Monday. I won't bother to come around."

"I'll be back for luncheon," called Katherine's brother as the window shut.

Another entry was made in the memorandum-book, and it was returned carefully to its accustomed resting-place. Presently Katherine rose and glanced at the clock, wondering vaguely what there was in the house for luncheon, and what there was in the air to cause Marion's blushing face and her brother's radiant expression.

"I'll find out when he comes," thought Katherine, "and we'll have a jolly little luncheon together."

She was mistaken, however, for when the young man arrived the exuberance of the morning was gone and he was plainly absent-minded, keeping up the conversation at random, and reddening furiously whenever he met his sister's eye. After luncheon he amused himself by wandering aimlessly through the small apartment, examining certain chairs and studying the color-effects with a critical eye.

"I say, sis," he said, with a fine air of indifference, "that dining-table, now! Very expensive thing, a mission-piece of that sort?"

The door-bell rang suddenly with a loud peal.

"By Jove! Wait a minute," he exclaimed, catching hold of Katherine's arm. "She wants you to go to a concert with her Friday after you have finished with that other affair."

"Who?" asked Katherine.

"Marion does. And, see here! I meant to talk to you about that club business. She wants some Miss Van or other put in because she hates that Robson girl who is proposing Miss Norton's name. Hello! That's not the reason I was to give, either. Anyhow, sis, you do what Marion wants you to and I'll see that you have your reward in the shape of a new—Gosh! Well good-by! I'm off."

The back door slammed vigorously, and Katherine ran quickly into the front hall, murmuring to herself.

"The family are all on Marion's side. Bless her heart! I surely ought to do what she wants me to. I wonder now—"

Alas for Katherine! She was not destined to come to a satisfactory decision this afternoon concerning the disputed new member, for the visitors proved to be a crowd of Miss Norton's friends, led by Alice Robson.

"Come on, Kit," said Alice herself, running up the stairs with her long veil floating behind her. "We're all going for an auto-ride and you're to come along with us."

"Whose auto?" asked Katherine, pinning on her hat in haste.

"Never mind," answered Alice, hurrying her down the stairs. "I worked one of my friends to take us. He's waiting out there now."

A moment later the jolly party was speeding down the street, and Alice opened the afternoon debate by saying:

"Oh, by the way, Kit, we girls have been talking about that club matter and every one in the club wants Miss Norton put in for that new member. What a stickler Marion Cass is about her business methods and rules of order! I think we ought to try to meet with the approval of those in the club rather than with the regulations of that waiting-list, don't you?"

"Marion's such a conscientious girl!" murmured Katherine, remembering her brother's appeal in behalf of Marion and the waiting-list.

"None of the girls know that Miss Van. Besides I've had Miss Norton in mind for our new member for ages, but I never thought it was necessary to tell anyone."

Katherine listened with a perplexed frown between her blue eyes. The girls continued to reel out arguments. Multitudinous they were, logical, and more than all, quite convincing. By the time the afternoon was over, Katherine had firmly decided that in spite of her beloved family, in spite of the advisability of running a club upon a legal basis, in spite of her mother's conscientious appeal in behalf of righteousness, the relentless finger of duty pointed her in the way of electing Miss Norton as the new member of the Caledonian club.

"Don't expect me at the committee

meeting Monday," said Alice as they left Katherine at her door. "I won't bother to come around, and you can just as well cast my vote for me anyhow. You know where I stand."

Katherine's husband came home an hour later, bubbling over with joviality.

"Anything on for Saturday night, Kitty?" he inquired as he sat down to dinner. "We're invited to a little theater-party that your brother is getting up for Marion Cass. She's evidently anxious to win your favor this week on account of that club matter you were telling me about last night. Now, take my advice, Kit, and if you have the decision of the whole matter, stick to your parliamentary law. It's the only thing that will bring you out of the business alive. You want that waiting-list to stand now because—"

"There's the telephone," said Katherine, running into the hall. In a moment she came back and sank into a chair.

"All the family is going over to Cass' for dinner Sunday. Engaged! I told you so!" she said in a faint voice.

"Whew! That certainly does sound interesting for your young brother and a nice girl of the family of Cass. Well, of all things!"

For Katherine had run into the parlor, and her husband, following hastily, found a woeful wife weeping out her overtaxed nerves upon a memorandum-book on the desk.

It was club day again, and the members of the Caledorian club sat conversing volubly while they waited for the meeting to be called to order.

Katherine French, as she turned the leaves of the secretary's book was thinking about the events of the last two weeks. She lived over again that first week of torture, with the conflicting arguments and debates among which she was driven about like a shuttlecock; she thought of the various theater-parties and luncheons which had been given to win her favor; she compared again, but with less anguish of mind, the chilling visit to the frigid schoolmistress and the delightful affairs at which Miss Norton had dimpled and laughed with charming cordiality; the family dinner at which her brother's en-

gagement to Marion Cass had been disclosed next rose up to haunt her, and even that brought back to her again the dreadful feeling of mental indecision. The secretary, thinking of this, and not being devoid of a sense of humor, suddenly laughed quietly to herself. Then the gavel fell and the meeting was called to order.

"Girls," said the president, when the minutes had been disposed of "we have to vote on our new member this afternoon, and the committee has its report to make, so every one keep quiet and listen."

Katherine unfolded a large paper and began her report in her most pompous tone:

"MEMBERS OF THE CALEDORIAN CLUB:

"Your committee on membership takes pleasure in submitting for your consideration its report."

"Excellent!" said Marion Cass approvingly.

"I copied it after a—a form," said Katherine, remembering how her husband's eyes had twinkled while he was writing it out for her.

"Immediately following the adjournment of the last meeting of the club, the chairman appointed a meeting of the committee for the following Monday. The members of the committee being disinclined to assemble at that time, they agreed to leave the business entirely to the chairman. Whereupon that Monday, the chairman wrote a note to a certain person asking her if she would consider a proposal to join the club."

"Which one did you ask?" interrupted Alice Robson.

"That doesn't matter," said Katherine hastily. "I don't have to tell that."

"The following day, the chairman, receiving a reply to said note, wrote to another person asking her to consider the same proposal. Whereupon, the chairman takes pleasure in reading to you the two notes received in answer to the two proposals respectively."

"And girls, I may not read them in the order that I received them, so you needn't try to guess which one I asked first."

"Here's one:

"Miss Norton thanks the Caledorian club for the kind invitation asking her to join, and regrets that an unusual amount of sewing will prevent her this spring from accepting its most appreciated proposal."

"She's engaged!" cried the club, diagnosing the case at once.

"Here's the other," said Katherine.

"Miss Van de Vloeg begs to inform the club which bears the name of Caledonian, that until to-day she was unaware of an organization of such a name. Whereupon, the name of its membership-committee chairman furnishing no clew to its identity, she considers it expedient to decline the club's kind invitation asking her to join."

The Caledonian club sat stunned.

"What shall we do?" asked the president.

"I move," said Katherine very seriously, "that we limit the membership of the club to nineteen."

"Second the motion," cried Alice and

Marion in unison. They sighed relievedly.

"That's a fine idea," agreed the president, examining Marion's new diamond.

"We ought to vote on it," continued Katherine.

"Well, go ahead," said the president.

"I have no objections."

"You have to put it to a vote yourself," reminded Marion in a hurried whisper.

"Oh, so I do," said that officer. "How forgetful I am! All in favor of cutting the membership of the club down to nineteen, stand up."

Everyone in the room stood up.

"It is carried," said Madame President.

Setting Hearts at Rest

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD

BIG Michael MacMahon picked his way over the broken and dirty pavements of the Italian district, stepping across curly headed babies playing half-naked on the streets. He had no eye for their brown beauty, however, nor did he notice the picturesque vegetable and fruit shops, the front windows of which boldly robbed the passer-by of half his room, insistently offering the bargains of their green and yellow heaps. He was oblivious to the dark men and women gossiping in groups of two and three in every available door-way, their bright head-gear bobbing, their earrings flashing, and their soft voices babbling in solo and in chorus, arms, hands, and shoulders equally eloquent. MacMahon saw only the priest's house, hard by the church of St. Angelo. For he was in sore need of little Father Kinsellagh.

The Father, dressed for the street, met him at the door, and his face, still grim from an interview with a difficult Italian parishioner, relaxed at the sight of the big teamster.

"Well, Michael," he said, "nothing gone wrong, I hope?"

"Sure, Faather," said Michael, leaning against the lintel of the door, "you'd think I'd be happy as a Connemara goose, and me only engaged to Bianca four days. Jist four days ago it happened, Faather," he added, the awe of his happiness still with him.

The little Father's face grew tender, as it always did at the mention of Bianca di Pietro.

"Nothing gone wrong, I hope?" he repeated.

"'Tis this, Faather," said MacMahon. "Somebody's been hintin' to me faather and mother and sister that I was thinkin' uv Bianca. Well, this marnin', I heard my mother sayin' to Honoria that she'd put the question to me plain to-night. So afther I got to the yards this marnin', I thought I'd telephone to the millinery shop where Honoria works, and break ut gently."

"Well, did ye?"

"I did. Says I, 'Say, Honoria, I'm goin' to marry Bianca di Pietro. Do you tell mother when you go home to dinner,' and I put up the receiver, but not before she let a screech out uv her you could hear from here to the lake."

"Do you call that breaking it gently?" laughed the Father.

"Well, there was five miles bechune us, annyway," said MacMahon seriously. "And now, Faather, will you come home wid me, plaze sorr? If thim at home see I've got you backin' me, it'll help set their hearts at rest."

The little Father patted the big teamster on the shoulder. Well he knew that MacMahon supported his father and mother, and was generous in gifts to Honoria, and



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"Phwat are you givin' him in return?" snapped Honoria

yet he was eager as a dependent school-boy that his family should approve his engagement.

"Good boy; you've not forgot I taught you to honor your parents," said he. "Of course I'll go with you."

They passed through the picturesque and dirty streets, and the chatter of the voluble gossips ceased at sight of the little Father.

They looked their respect and fear with murmurs of "*Padre*," and he greeted them sternly, drawing his heavy brows in a frown to hide the affectionate light in his eyes.

As they approached the MacMahon cottage, Michael said,

"There's mother standin' in the window now."

But when they entered the gaudy little best room with its whatnot, marble center-table, and horsehair chairs, only Honoria was standing. She was a tall young woman, blue-eyed and curly haired like Michael, with a habit of looking at the top of a person's head first, to estimate the value and style of the hat. She bowed to the Father, and pointed darkly at a sofa on which reclined Mrs. MacMahon.

"There's what your news have done fur poor mother," she said.

Mrs. MacMahon was a large, doleful person, who looked always as if she were a widow recently bereaved.

So it cost her little to sigh grievously, and whimper:

"Ah, Father Kensellagh, Michael's conduct have laid me on the broad uv me back, as ye may see."

"Come, come, woman," said Father Kensellagh, bluntly; "I saw you at the window with my own eyes."

"Yes, I got strength to go that far," she sighed; "I wanted to boil a bit of cabbage fur Michael's supper—he have always liked ut. But I'll not be spared much longer to worruk fur him, and he have no wish that I should be."

MacMahon's face lengthened.

"Ah, mother, then," he protested, "Bianca about the house'll make you grow young ag'in."

Mrs. MacMahon uttered a faint shriek, while Honoria said grimly, "She'll niver crass this threshol' while I have me stren'th."

"Shame on you, Honoria!" cried the Father; "as nice a girl as Bianca, and so beautiful as she is—"

"Savin' your presence, Father," said Honoria, trembling with rage, but maintaining a respectful tone, "Bianca di Pietro wears a shawl on her head to church—or did last winter. Am I to be sister-in-law to that? And as fur beauty—if you can prove to me she's beautiful, I'll give in."

Father Kensellagh was about to practice on Honoria the scolding in which his backsliding Italians had made him an adept, when footsteps were heard entering the kitchen, and Mrs. MacMahon said,

"'Tis himself. No doubt he'll agree to whativver Michael wants, for he do be

always sidin' agin me. Here he comes now to shame me."

The door was dashed open and a little lean Irishman hurtled himself into the middle of the room. He restrained his excitement long enough to speak respectfully to the little Father, and then he turned on his son.

"What talk is this I hear everywhere that you're goin' to marry Bianca di Pietro, daughter uv that ould serpent Pasquale—"

"Yes, sir," said Michael, "I am that."

"You're not, then," snapped old MacMahon, shaking his trembling fist. "That ould Pasquale got me pipe away from me on a bet—a pipe, Father," he exclaimed to the priest, "that I loved next to me wife and childher—and the church and yourself, uv coorse, Father."

Mrs. MacMahon had slowly risen to a sitting posture, and pointing at her the old man continued.

"See how your mother lies stricken wid your—"

"Yerrah!" shrilled Mrs. MacMahon rising to her feet and going to Michael, "thry to furgive your father, me bye; thry ut."

"Ah," said Honoria, supporting Michael on the other side; "him that's put bread in the mouth uv all uv us, and here's his own father denies him the right to marry."

"Well, Michael," wept Mrs. MacMahon, "what wid wan thing and another, I'm not long fur this worruld, but you can bring your bride home. Me and Honoria'll welcome her."

"Sure, we'd niver let an ould pipe stand bechune you and happiness," said Honoria scowling balefully on her father.

"What talk is this?" spluttered the old man. "Did I not hear you say, woman, this blessed marnin'—"

"You did not," said Mrs. MacMahon. "Whatever you heard me say, I niver said ut."

Michael was looking in a relieved way at Father Kinsellagh.

"Two ag'in wan aint so turrble as if 'twas all three," he murmured.

"And his reverence comin' to congratulate us and findin' you rantin' and ravin' like a—like an informer," said Mrs. MacMahon.

The old man turned to the priest.

"Me respects to you, Father," he said, "and if 'twas nawthin' but Honoria's marriage, I'd give in. But Michael's me only son, and I can't consent to be twin fathers-in-law wid Pasquale di Pietro."

"Me and mother," said Honoria, firmly, "will go wid you, Michael, to-morra' afternoon, it bein' Sundah, to call on your fiancay that is to be."

"Ye'll not!" cried old MacMahon.

"I'll wear me black silk that I haven't wore since your grandmother died, Michael," conceded Mrs. MacMahon. "I was savin' ut fur your father's funeral. But your family'll do what honor ut can to Bianca."

"You'll not!" snapped her husband. "I'll cut ut up furrst."

Mrs. MacMahon anxiously felt in her pocket to see that the key of her trunk was safe; then, as her face cleared, she said to the priest.

"And, Father, maybe you'll have a private talk wid Dennis about this? My childher take afther the Macartys, thanks be! And 'tis heart-scalded I am you shud be w tchin' sich ructions and no chance to get in a worrd edgeways."

"Well, well, my good woman," said Father Kinsellagh, testily, "wigs on the green is no watchword of mine. Dennis, you'll come to my vestry-room after church to-morrow, my man. I'll bid you all good-day."

"Ah, Faather," said Michael admiringly, as he stepped into the street after the priest, "'tis you that always conthrive so grand."

"Sure, Michael, I don't see where my contriving came in this time," laughed the Father, "but I'll do my best for you to-morrow with Dennis."

"And mother and Honoria'll fight ut out fur me till then," MacMahon said, comfortably.

"Good-by, Faather."

The next afternoon, buoyed by their opposition to old MacMahon, the two women set out with Michael to the home of the di Pietros.

As soon as they got out of the old man's range of vision, their misgivings began to rise.

Mrs. MacMahon looked more doleful; Honoria had the expression of one who suspects an unpleasant odor. They felt alien and hostile to the chattering Sunday-clad Italians with whom they brushed shoulders. They resented alike the filth and the picturesqueness.

MacMahon felt their attitude, and he hastily pointed to one of a shabby line of cottages, marked out from the rest by a coat of bright green paint. He did not inform his family that he had had it put on to please Bianca the day after their engagement. Nevertheless, the women lifted their skirts as they entered, for they suspected dirt inside. But Michael's trust in Bianca was not misplaced. They went into a room as clean as Bianca's slim hands could make it. MacMahon knew that it was a bedroom which Bianca shared with five other di Pietros; but the bed had been removed, and what with a clean

table-cloth, polished chairs, gay pictures, white curtains tied with scarlet ribbons, and two bunches of flowers, Bianca had made it into a presentable sitting-room. She came forward smiling, a slim, graceful girl in madonna-blue. The best of her delicate dark loveliness always revealed itself gradually, like an opening flower, yet even at a first glance she was beautiful. But to the Irish women she was only an Italian, which meant, of course, big eyes and thick hair, discredited because belonging to the wrong race.

Pasquale di Pietro had taken out his temper upon the family before the visitors arrived, so he was saintly-faced and amiable.

His large, frightened wife sat by him, and he kept her tense to her duty of smiling and bowing by sundry surreptitious digs

from his sharp elbows. Knowing only a few words of English, they sat silently against a wall while the women and Michael talked.

Bianca had placed her visitors with their backs to the inner door of the room, and so, during the call, they were unaware of the various Italian heads which peered in at them. MacMahon counted fourteen

di Pietros and at least ten guests; and his respect for his little fiancée's ingenuity grew apace.

"I bet she'd make a man's money go twice as fur," he reflected.

Bianca did the honors well. She was humble and docile and admiring, but not at all shy.

"It is so great an honor to have the *madre* of Michael here," were her first words. "And Mees MacMahon, you giva up the Sunday afternoon—"

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Honoria, stiffly.

"Michael talka so much of you," said Bianca to Mrs. MacMahon. "If I could speaka the English well I tell you what he saya."

"He's a good son," replied Mrs. MacMahon, primly.

"No better nor me mother," put in Michael.

"I hope I know me duty," sighed Mrs. MacMahon.

"You teacha me how you lika thing," said Bianca softly. "I learna, and make for you as Michael maka. I do not cooka bacon well yet," she added, sighing.

"Why, that aint harrrd to learn," said Honoria, patronizingly.

"I think it is because, when we live in the country at home, I taka care a pig," said Bianca. "I was littla girl. He was *piccolo porcellino*. Ah, he was so white—and *bello, molto bello!* I wash him mucha.



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

... Shouted things through the keyhole

And I go with him all over field, while he eata. He run away, and I crya till I catch him. And then they killa him. Ah, no, no; I do not likea bacon since."

"Well, sure," said Mrs. MacMahon; "I know mesilf what 'tis to be attached to a pig. Back in County Corrk (I'm a MacCarthy, and they're from County Corrk) I'd a young pig—bonham, we call thim. I suppose that's what 'porchalone' manes. Well, 'twas no washin' she got from me, but in winter she slep' over in the other end uv the cabin from me, and 'twas rale company to hear her snortin' when I woke in the night. Ah, she's paid the rent fur us manny's the time. Ah, dear; and then she fell into the ditch on me and broke her leg, and I sold her up to the great house fur young bacon. Ah dear!"

She looked pleasantly at Bianca, but Honoria tossed her head, and said,

"Raly, mother, maybe we cud converse uv something more genteel. Miss di Pietro, phwat do you think uv the spring styles?"

MacMahon almost gasped. Now Honoria had her! But he did not know that ever since she had been engaged, Bianca had spent precious hours gazing into the windows of the Twelfth Street stores.

"Ah, Mees MacMahona," she said, making one of her beautiful gestures, "the skirt are ver' *bello*. I t-hink you wear well such skirt, you are so talla. And the hat! ah, when they turn up fronta like yours, ah, then I think it is *molto* pretty this year."

But Honoria did not receive this or any other remark of Bianca's with the appreciation MacMahon thought it deserved. She did not relax even when Bianca served Chianti wine and good fruit-cake. When she and her mother rose to go, she shook hands stiffly with Bianca. Mrs. MacMahon did likewise, but when Honoria had turned her back, she bent over and furtively kissed the young girl on the forehead.

"The Lard bless you; I belave you mean well," she murmured. "And annyway, when you're marrad, your name'll be MacMahon."

When they were walking homeward, the two women side by side, Michael leading, Mrs. MacMahon whispered:

"Well, Honoria, wud you say she was pretty, annyway?"

"Pretty!" snorted Honoria. "Father

Kinsellagh'll have to prove ut to me, as I said. Pretty! Jist a black dago. A-ah! naw-thin' kapes me up but thinkin' what I'll say to father when we get home."

Mrs. MacMahon sighed; but she, too, began to prepare remarks. They fled her mind, however, when she saw her husband waiting for her in the doorway, one hand behind his back. She clutched her black silk skirt nervously.

"I belave 'tis the scissors he have got," she whispered. "Do you and Michael hold him in talk, Honoria, while I slip in the back way and take off me dress."

And after it was safely locked in her trunk, she leaned over the banisters, resting a moment and admiring Honoria's flow of language.

"Arrah," she thought, "Honoria must be turr'ble mad at Michael and Bianca to let her tongue run on at her father like that! I'm almost sorry 'tis bein' wasted on poor Dennis."

Michael was, on the whole, pleased with the effect of the call. Bianca made sweet, broken compliments about his relatives, and especially marveled at the style of Honoria.

She brooded over Honoria's clothes for several days, with the result that she called at last on Father Kinsellagh.

"*Padre*," she began, when he had seated her in his study under his great picture of the Madonna, "is it true the Irish girl hava money and dressa when they marry?"

"Dowry, do you mean?" asked the Father. "Yes, if they can get them."

"Ah," said Bianca sadly; "I hava none. All money I maka botton-hola, *mio padre*, he taka."

The little Father sighed, and then asked, "Well, what matter, as long as you and Michael love each other."

"Ah, but Mees Honoria, she hava dressa and dressa."

"Think shame to yourself for vanity and envy," shouted Father Kinsellagh.

But shouting did not seem to convict Bianca of sin, for she went on. "If you geta me some worka, I keep back dolla from *mio padre* and buya dressa."

"Well, well, child," said the little Father gently, "'tis youth is your time, and I know it. I'll see what I can do."

Bianca went home happily, for like all his parishioners, she had entire faith in the little Father's powers. So she was only pleased, not surprised, when a few days later, he told her that he had some work for her. Not work as a second girl, which was what she had expected; she was to go to the Art Institute and pose for the students in native Italian costume. And besides that, an artist friend of the Father who had seen her, was going to paint her portrait.

"He'll dress you up in a fine gown as if you were a countess," said the Father; "but don't let it make you vain, mind that."

The weeks with the students and the artist were happy ones for Bianca. They delighted in her beauty and freshness; she responded to their appreciation and their kindness, for seeing her love of the art about her, they let her roam at will among the galleries.

She tried to explain to MacMahon how happy his love and all the beautiful things she saw made her, but words failed her; she could fall back only on expressive gestures and tender looks.

There was but one flaw in her happiness:

Honorias did not come to see her again. "Honorias busy," explained Michael. "You see, she's got but her evenin's and Sundahs, and so many friends. Me mother can drop in marnin's."

Though Bianca was not satisfied, she took renewed comfort in the fact that Mrs. MacMahon liked her. The mother, indeed, felt an increasing and shamefaced affection for Bianca. She frequently spoke to Michael of the girl, and perhaps it was because he was sure of her feeling that Michael did not notice that Honorias was

silent on the subject, except when she was nagging her father about his attitude. Honorias's sentiments were so noble that they might well have deceived a person even more sophisticated than her brother.

"'Tis a father's place to welcome his son's wife," she would say. "Sure you shud bow down to him and thank him fur thinkin' to brighten your ould age wid another daughter. Him that's been all alone hitherto, and now takin' a wife fur your comfort, and you not to appreciate ut."

At such moments Michael almost felt that he had planned his marriage for his father's sake.

He never heard Honorias's frequent remark to her mother,

"If 'twasn't fur the stren'th I get tellin' father what I think uv him, I cudn't bear ut. But father'll niver change."

Certainly, his family and Father Kinsellagh had no power to weaken the old man's obstinacy. Nor was this Michael's only trouble.

He came into Father Kinsellagh's study one day, and said, half-jestingly,

"Well, Faather, th' other family's almost kicked up a ruction. Bedad, I wonder will Bianca and me iver get safely marrud!"

"What now?" smiled the Father, leaning back in his worn armchair.

"Well, ould Pasquale—ah, I'm not in love wid me faather-in-law—he tells me this work Biancas doin' fur the painters doesn't pay so well as the botton-holes, and she's not givin' him much money. Uv coorse he lies. The amount uv ut is this: He said, wud I rent him that little sliver uv a shop I own on Halsted shreet—the last tenint's movin'—"

"Sure, what would he do with it?" asked the Father.



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"He was *piccolo porcellino*."



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"You've not, then," snapped MacMahon—

"'T seems the grand alliance his daughter's afther makin', Faather, has elevated Pasquale up in the eyes uv his neighbors. Wan uv his Italian fri'nds will lend him most uv the capital to set up in a tobacco and fruit shop, and I'm to supply the rest."

"D'ye think you'll lose, Michael?" asked the priest.

"Well, I dinnow. I'm only goin' to lend him ten dollars, and I'll thry him two months, and if he don't pay rent regular, I'll throw him out and get another tenant. Bianca's worth the trial."

"Any sign of Dennis' softening?"

"Not a sign, Faather," mourned Michael.

"You send him 'round to me to-morrow, and I'll have one more try," said the little Father. "And now, run home, lad, and leave me to my sermon."

A week later the MacMahon family was

sitting at supper. After Honoria had taken the first edge from her appetite, she began, from sheer force of habit, to reproach her father for his hard-heartedness to his son. MacMahon heard her patiently, and when she had finished, unassisted by her mother, who always dropped her eyes now when Honoria mentioned Bianca, he smiled, and said,

"Well, Honoria, you're the grand talker. The MacMahons always were; and you've convinced me. Yes, I've been wrong. Sure, and I've been wrong about the Italians, too; take thim by and large and they moight be a worse nation. Pasquale, now; sure, I was mistaken in that man's cha-racter. He's give me back my pipe, and he's invioited me to come in and fill ut free uv charruge whenever I plaze in the new tobacco-shop he's started."

Honoria had dropped her knife and fork; Michael was beaming happily on his father.



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

—shaking his trembling fist

"Phwat are you givin' him in return?" snapped Honoria.

"Nawthin' whativer," said old MacMahon. "To be sure, seein' that none uv us ever was seen wid them, some uv his neighbors said we felt above him, and he asked me wud we all go to a big Italian party he'll give fur us to show his fri'nds, and I said we wud."

Honoria pushed back her chair.

"That's enough," she said. "Ye may say no more. Mother and I'll never consent now to the marriage. What is wan to think uv a man'll sell his son fur a pipe uv tobacco? And phwat kind uv a man is Pasquale to buy us at sich a price? No; there must be somethin' wrong wid a gurr! whose father'd act that way. I've stud be Michael so far. But now, mother and I put me fut down. Speak up, mother."

"Maybe—maybe ut cud be arranged so 'you naden't go to the party, Honoria," began Mrs. MacMahon, weakly.

"Mother!" cried Honoria. "Are you, too, goin' to shame Michael? Are you not goin' to help save your son?"

Mrs. MacMahon drooped her doleful face, as she murmured.

"No, no; I—I'll do what's best."

Old MacMahon and Michael started to speak at the same time.

"Now, don't deafen me," said Honoria firmly. "I've said my say, and I'm goin' to bed. Father's treachery is somethin' uv a shock."

She went up stairs to her tiny room. While old MacMahon followed her, and sitting on the floor in the hall shouted things through the key-hole, Mrs. MacMahon put her arms around Michael's shoulder and whispered,

"Sure, Michael, agra, things'll come all right. I'll do what I can to fix Honoria. I want you to marry her, that I do. I think she's pretty, if Honoria do not."

"Well, mother," said Michael, sadly, "uv coorse I cud bring Bianca here annyway over Honoria's head; but that'd only mean quar'lin' all the time, and Bianca's that timid a crass worrud is like a blow to her. No, I'll have Father Kinsellagh thry his hand on Honoria."

"Or maybe the new beau uv hers'll sphake up," suggested Mrs. MacMahon. "She have said he seems to be comin' to the point."

"And if that doesn't do, I'll wait till I can make two homes," said MacMahon.

For a week Honoria kept up her determination to protect Michael against his father and Pasquale. Then she broke down, but through no instrumentality of Father Kinsellagh or her family. She found her motive one Sunday afternoon. She and two of her milliner friends were walking down Michigan Avenue when it began to rain, and they took refuge in the Art Institute. In one of the picture-galleries, the crowd was thick at a certain corner, and tall Honoria at once elbowed her way in that direction. Through a break in the circle of spectators, she saw Bianca's portrait. The hair was dressed high; point-lace and rich velvet drooped from the shoulders, but the soft lovely face was Bianca's.

"'Portrait of Bianca di Pietro,'" read a spectator. "Wonderful."

And then Honoria heard other murmurs of "beautiful," "wonderful subtle charm." She squared her shoulders, and turned to her companions.

"My! aint she lovely!" they cried.

"Well, gurrlls," said Honoria in a voice slightly raised. "Now you know why I wanted you to come here. That's the gurrll me brother's goin' to marry."

People turned to look at Honoria, and just then she saw Michael and Bianca on the outskirts of the crowd, Bianca shy, Michael eager to see the portrait.

"Come on, gurrlls," said Honoria. "I'll introduce you."

She reached out an imperious arm and swept Bianca to her. "Me friends want to see your fiancay, Michael," she said. "I was jist goin' to ask thim to help me pick me bridesmaid's dress."

The Derelict

BY J. GORDON SMITH

Author of "The Home-Pennant," etc.

They that have wrought the end unsought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But men who merely did the work
For which they drew the wage

—Kipling.

THE finding of the British tramp-steamer *Salamander*, of 3200 tons burden, in the Genkai Sea, with her hold chock-full of war munitions veneered with thinly spread Welsh coal trimmed to hide Canet, Creusot, and Krupp cannon, cordite, melanite, and a submarine vessel built in sections at an American yard, would have been one of the marine sensations of the year but for the secretive nature of the little brown naval officer with close-cropped black hair who commanded the gunboat *Chiyoda Kan* when it picked up the derelict.

The big freighter was wallowing in the trough of the Genkai Sea, and there was not a living thing on board.

The story of the finding of the *Mary Celeste* is known in every port of the Seven Seas and shipmasters have advanced theory after theory to solve the mystery of the derelict barkentine. They found her

rolling with the swing of the sea and those who went on board were awed by what they saw. The lamps swinging in her cabin were burning, and there was food on the table: this went to show the crew had left without finishing its meal. The boats were intact, hanging secure in the davits. The log-book was written up to within a week. But what had happened to the crew no one has ever learned, and the tale of the *Mary Celeste* is still a mystery.

The finding of the derelict steamer *Scipio* of Liverpool, full of war material and with her name scraped from the stern, off Sandy Hook when the States were at war with Spain, is the theme of another tale that is told. But the mystery has been solved. They found the steamer deserted—there was not even a cat on board—and a warship which happened conveniently upon the derelict towed the steamer to a naval base. Ultimately, some of her guns, which were shipped at Antwerp, found their way to certain converted steam-yachts which had become auxiliary cruisers because of the war.

When the *Chiyoda Kan* found the SS *Salamander* drifting in the Genkai Sea the superstitious Japanese seamen were awed by the grim silence of the iron-decked cargo tramp. The boat's crew sent to investigate found dishes and partly eaten food on the cabin-table, fire still burning in the little stove fastened in the captain's room, and the patent log towing astern; signal-flags fluttering from a halyard at the foremast, coded the vessel's name. The rods of the machinery were not cool and wads of cotton waste on the iron ladders and greasy-pilot caps on the gratings were evidence that the engineers had not been long gone, while dwindling fires in the furnaces and coal newly slid from the open bunker-doors told of the recent presence of firemen.

Capt. Okino pocketed a letter found on the captain's table and picked a prize-crew for the derelict, which was ordered to Sasebo, where many seized blockade-runners lay in the roadstead.

The *Chiyoda Kan* had been doing patrol duty in the Sea of Japan with the detached squadron of Kamimura, and one day a wireless message was received, as a result of which the *Chiyoda* detached herself from the squadron. On his charts Capt. Okino marked a date and stuck a little flag to mark 36N, 137E, and he hurried to that vicinity to cruise, and wait.

Two days later he found the *Salamander* a floating derelict not far from 36N, 137E.

He sent Lieut. Yamaguchi to Sasebo with the freighter, and the lieutenant carried the following report from Capt. Okino for the admiralty at Tokio:

On August 3, while cruising in the Genkai Sea, the British steamer *Salamander*, with contraband on board, was sighted and Lieut. Yamaguchi sent on board. We found no living person on board and two boats were missing. Remains of unfinished meal on table showed crew must have abandoned vessel most suddenly. Search throughout failed to show any sign of life, and examination failed to indicate any accident had taken place. Steamer for some reason was deserted. Owing to contraband on board placed prize-crew on steamer and ordered to Sasebo.

A few days later Lloyd's agent at Kobe cabled to the effect that the steamer *Salamander* of Gosport had been seized by the

gunboat *Chiyoda* while attempting to run the blockade with a cargo of coal from Cardiff for Vladivostok. He secured his information from the Japanese government, which gave out many false reports in those days. Those that were true were never given out: for the Japanese value truth too highly to give it away. That is why truth is so scarce in the land.

Soon after the war with Russia had begun Yamamoto of the admiralty created a new department in the administration of Japanese naval affairs; the foreign-steamer watching-department, he called it. Japanese consuls, wheresoever they were, were notified concerning it, and the busy agents scattered about the fringe of the world's oceans by Lloyd's reported much less than did these energetic consuls who served the emperor in devious ways, though two oceans separated them from the field of battle. For the consuls and the foreign-steamer watching-department the war covered the face of the earth, and a big sale of steam-coal at a British Columbia colliery or an unobtrusive drogher loading a general cargo at a Millwall dock came equally under their suspicion with the tramp steamer loading sewing-machines in crates whose weight tried the cargo-derricks, or the torpedo-boat being surreptitiously built in an out-of-the-way shipyard to be stolen away in the guise of a private yacht for sale to the czar.

Of the things they learned—while those who never knew the penetrative ability of the brown men of the foreign-steamer watching-department were so unsuspecting—the consuls sent long cables in lines of figures (the code of the Japanese admiralty was composed of variations of five numerals). The amount of canned beef packed by the Libbys or Armours for shipment from a Puget Sound port to Vladivostok, with the description of the carrying steamers' rig and build and perhaps the names of the cook in the galley; the consignments of explosives which the freighter loaded at Bremen, supposedly for Hongkong; and the steel-plates the Nord-Deutcher steamer loaded at Marseilles, were matters which were all fully reported to the foreign-steamer watching-department at Tokio.

The hard-worked clerks—there were rows of them at either side of long tables in a whitewashed wing of the brick block which houses the admiralty—filled book after book with statistics, each one filed away with wonderful system, and map after map was marked with flags and dates, while numerous circulars were sent to the commanders of various naval bases. The consuls often succeeded in learning by which of the three inlets to the Sea of Japan the contraband-carrying steamers intended to make their way toward Vladivostok, the fort which lies on the farther side of the sea, which Japan blocks from the great Pacific with three passages affording portals. These things were poorly kept secrets among mariners who sometimes forgot that the cable makes all lands near each other.

Because of such information the foreign-steamer watching-department had issued circulars which told of the steamers headed for Soya or Tsuruga straits, and of these the commanders of the old *Hashidate* and the third-class cruiser *Atagi*, which stood sentinels at the narrow passageway to the north, were well informed. After a few seizures by these vessels, which never left their depots, the blockade-runners all essayed the passage of the Tsushima straits, and some reached Vladivostok. Of those steamers which tried to pass the northern-most channel none escaped seizure except two; and these were wrecked. How well the foreign-steamer watching-department did its work, the world, which never heard of the department, knows full well; Lloyd's agency knows better, for the loss of several millions of pounds sterling has burned the thing into its memory.

One day in the summer of 1904, a long code-cablegram of the usual seemingly meaningless rows of numerals in which the department, in common with others, coded its messages, was received from Hongkong, and Admiral Yamamoto, the minister of the navy, instructed Admiral Kamimura accordingly. The little *Chiyoda Kan* was detached from the Kure naval yard, where she was being repaired, and sent to sea with orders to rendezvous at "a certain place."

The foreign office, when it heard of the

consul's message some months afterwards in an official report, made memorandum to promote Consul Nomi of Hongkong; and no one thought of Kiku-san, the singing girl—least of all Nomi and the foreign office.

At Nagasaki I met Capt. Hacker. He was sitting in the bar of the Zum Schwarzen Adler on Oura, and he was drunk. If you knew Nagasaki you would know Oura for it obtrudes itself from the little bridge near which the *sampans* crowd so thickly to the bridge at the head of the canal where it winds back into the native city. Oura is the street of all nations, and either side of the roadway, the center of which is the junk-filled canal, is lined with barrooms of all kinds. Grisettes of uncertain age, with faces marked by lines that tell their own tale, sit before the barrooms inviting all who pass to "come in and have a glass of beer." I remember an olive-skinned woman, with the dark hair and lustrous black eyes of Italy, who beckoned to me from the open door of the Il Garibaldi, which I noted on the reverse side of the signboard was also the Zum Schwarzen Adler, and later I noted that it was also the Maison Yves Huon and The Army and Navy saloon; this I learned by reading another signboard.

"Come inside. Rest awhile. Have some iced-beer. I keep the best—American, not Japanese," she said in English.

They are quick to judge the nationality of the wayfarer, these men and women who keep the barrooms of Nagasaki. Russian or Saxon, Swede or Briton, French or Belge, American or Teuton; it is all one to them. They invite in any tongue—and take what money they can from the wayfarer. How obvious all this is; how clear the idea of "walk into my parlor." Yet the sailors of all those ships which come to Nagasaki from the ports of Seven Seas go in for the ice-cold beer and wake up later with their minds hazy and their money gone, without friends, and their late hosts show most unkind hurry to be rid of them. The places are all the same from one point of view; the bar with its array of bottles, mostly containing beer, and linen-covered tables scattered about a sawdust-covered

floor with rough-made chairs set about—all reminiscent of a sailor's boarding-house. Behind the bar of each a bleary-eyed grisette smiles a tired smile and a man wearing white drill trousers and a singlet, repeats that he "used to be in the service," acts as waiter, and also as chuck-out when the guest's funds become low, and he is more noisy than is desirable, even in these places where the noise of ribald songs nightly drown the tin-canny notes of ancient pianos.

In the corner behind the piano at the Zum Schwarzen Adler I found Capt. Hecker fast asleep and woke him, for I had not seen him for many months.

"Why can't you let him sleep," muttered the man with the white drill trousers.

Evidently I was in time. A few minutes later we were jolted away in 'rikshas to a tea-house I knew, where the house-boys sent for a blind masseur, who soon had Hecker in a more or less sober condition, and he told me how he had enriched himself as we reclined on the mat-floor of the tea-house on the hill opposite the missionary-hill which holds the palaces of the poor missionary.

"Where did you get it, Hecker!" I asked him, as soon as he began to talk sense. I knew he had ever been impecunious, and the thick roll of notes I rescued from the man with the drill trousers needed explanation.

"My bonus," said Capt. Hecker laconically.

"Not many months ago, a week or two ago, perhaps—time doesn't matter, anyhow—I was in a Clyde-built hooker of 2200 tons droghing a cargo of coal and the things it hid," continued the florid shipmaster after a slight pause.

"Blockade-running?" I queried eagerly.

"Yes—and no," he replied. "You let me tell it, will you."

I did.

"We put into Hongkong, as all these vessels did, for we had cleared from Cardiff for there," he went on. "You know Hongkong, don't you. Rocky islet; the British got in 1843; was a small fishing-village; to-day it's got three hundred thousand or more living there, and they're all sorts. Blue haze always there over the

Peak, which is pretty from the harbor, with its ribbons of little white houses. Harbor's always full of shipping—fleets of tramps at anchor in the roadstead and numbers of sailing-crafts, with hundreds and hundreds of junks, those low-waisted things with their decks almost awash and high at bow and stern, and there's *sampans* without number fringing the *praya*. The great commercial buildings and shipping offices, mostly white, look substantial, and the whole place shouts of business brought by over-seas carriers."

"Yes, I know," said I impatiently. "You took the—what was the vessel you took there?"

"She was one of Hendrick Hendricksen & Sons droghers and we were chartered to agents of the Russian government, the Braunds at Hongkong. Now, it's usual for a man to get a bonus for running a blockade, isn't it? I ask it of you, as a fair-minded man. Is any man of sense going to risk his skin to make big profits for the owners at tramp-steamship wages and captain's perquisites? I asked them a bit of a bonus of a hundred quid, and they treated me dirty, those Braunds. It'd been better if they had given me the bonus."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" said Capt. Hecker. "Just because—that's why."

"What did you do," I asked. He seemed disinclined to continue his story.

"Young Braund, you see, was a smug little beggar, one of those dude sort with Panama hat and flannel trousers and camelia in his button-hole. He says:

"We chartered your vessel, captain, not you, and if you don't want to take her through to Vladivostok, I guess the mate can."

"Higgins, who used to be in the old *Hibernia*, was mate, and we weren't good friends. So I didn't want them to give him the ship. But I was right about that bonus, though, wasn't I? Mikkelsen, who ran the *Rhinesia* through with coal, got a thousand dollars, gold, not Mex, out of a German firm, and I had guns, ammunition, and a submarine ready to piece together beneath the Welsh coal we'd trimmed carefully on top. Pedersen of the *Emma Peabody* got a thousand for running a cargo of beef, and I told young Braund

so. Tramp-steamship wages aint good enough, I told him.

"Can't help it," he told me. If you don't like it, there are other masters; there's Smith on the beach here for losing the *Strathdon*, and there's your mate. You masters seem to think yourselves a part of the ship; but you're not. You are simply the owners' servant, and we deal with the owners. If you want a bonus go to the owners.'

"Braund didn't know it, but I had been to the owners, and all they gave me, the skinflints, was a month's pay; told me to get a bonus from the Braunds, they did. I don't know how I kept from punching the younger Braund; he was an offensive little sea-lawyer. Guess I was pretty mad, and the blood rushes to my face when I'm choleric, so I got out. Went down Ship street. Maybe you know Ship street; there's crowds there, all kinds—pasty-faced Chinese women in chairs and 'rikies, shouting coolies, and all sorts of women on the verandas from which the big lanterns are dangling. Kiku-san—she's a Japanese—lives on Ship street, and I went down to get a glass of beer and tell her about things. Guess I must have had a few drinks before I got to Ship street, or I don't suppose I would have told; anyhow, she sympathized with me. Kiku-san said 'the Braunds were too mean for anything; why not have them lose the cargo.'

"That would be a good idea. 'Why not let them lose it?' I thought."

"And you did?" I asked.

"I'll tell you if you'll wait," said the captain petulantly.

"A Jap dropped in kind of casual and Kiku-san said it was fortunate, for he was the consul."

"I wager she sent a 'riksha-coolie to bring him," I ventured.

"Perhaps she did; but you don't know Kiku-san. Anyhow, he had a couple of bottles of Bass, and before Nomi left I had a thousand dollars of his money and a promise of more when we did it.

"The Braunds were quite excited when we weighed anchor and the *sampans* stood off, one carrying them shoreward.

"Hope you reach Vladivostok, all right," said young Braund.

"I never said a word, and when they were lost in the wilderness of shipping in the harbor I went into the chart-room and marked down 36N and 137E on my charts. In four days we got there, and just after dinner—we were too excited to eat—I had an old Irishman come running and shout that the coal was on fire aft. Every man on board knew of the cordite and melanite and they didn't need any urging when I shouted: 'All hands to the boats.' We weren't far from Oki island, anyhow, and both boats landed there; fishermen looked after us until a naval launch came from Kure and took us to Shimonoseki, where some of the crew shipped on other vessels and boarding-house masters got the others. Higgins went home in the Blue Funnel liner and I came down to Nagasaki with five thousand in my pockets—dollars not *yen*."

He paused, looked at me, and then, as if he suffered from some sort of optical affection, the lid of his left eye drooped over the ball and snapped up again. Then he chuckled, and rising with one accord we went out together.

"If the Braunds had been half way decent, though, I bet I'd run the blockade."

There's not much more to tell. These stories of Japanese cunning are always brief—very brief—when the Japanese tell them. Besides, what I have recounted is but a slight and obscure, if not quite forgotten, incident of a war that now is history.

In due course the *Salamander* became known as the *Yoneyama Maru*. Consul Nomi was promoted, and no one thought of Kiku-san, the singing-girl. Capt. Hecker went to Chefoo and invested his capital in blockade-running junks which netted him half a million dollars before the war ended.

And Lloyd's paid for the loss of the *Salamander*.

Carson's Investment

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Author of "The Landscape Disfigurer," etc.

WHO he was, what he was, or whence he had come, no one knew save that, about a year back, he had drifted into El Toro, and going to the office, had announced that he was broke and wanted a job. Mackenzie, being short a man on the books, had taken him on trial and had found him capable, efficient, sober. And in the mines, when a man is found to be capable and efficient and sober, one cares as little about his reasons for being there as whether his ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* or the steerage.

One thing about him, however, they did know; and that was that he was of those whom Death had picked for his own. His hollow-eyes and hectic flush told them that better than words could have done.

He worked hard and faithfully but he made no friends, and after he had been there an even twain of months, no one could have told more about him than on the day of his arrival.

Of evenings, after the books were balanced, he would often sit in the little sheet-iron office, with hands clenched and eyes set upon the yellow foot-hills with their scraggy covering of stunted piñon, and on the snow-crowned peaks of the Big Range, far, far beyond. And he would sometimes sit there until the sun had sunk behind the mountains and the only light was that given by the impotent blinking of the tiny spots of gold that studded the blue-black sky. And then he would rise and lock the office and walk slowly to the house that was no home.

"Something on his mind," was the verdict of those who were interested enough to render a verdict.

What it might be, no one asked or cared to ask. In the West, when a man has something on his mind, it is liable to be anything from asthma to murder; hence the things a man has on his mind he is allowed to keep there until, of his own volition, he chooses to distribute them.

Sickness and worry, however, are close friends, and lead one merrily on toward death. Thus it came about that one day

Carson was late at the office; when he finally did arrive, he walked in feebly, sank into a chair, and explained to Mackenzie that he did not feel well. All that day he wasn't good for much; the next he was better, and for a month he kept at things very well. And then again he was late. And after three weeks he was late yet once more and this time it took him much longer to regain that which he had lost. So it kept on, each time taking a little longer for recovery. The books got behind.

What it all meant, no one knew better than did Carson himself. So when he again came late to the office, it was to tell Mackenzie to get someone to fill his place. Mackenzie, who was allowed by the company an appropriation barely sufficient to cover the working of his office, made no objection and, with rough kindness, recommended that he go to the hospital. But Carson refused, and gazing out through the dirty window at the white heads of the Big Range quietly remarked that there was some go in the old man yet and that, at present, he couldn't spare the time for such luxuries as hospitals.

Then, for some weeks, as long as he was able to stand it, Matthews took him into the company store; there he worked on the books and in the postoffice, and sold packages of sugar and flour and all manner of things at double the market price and three times their cost.

Then history repeated itself. Matthews had to let him go and he ran behind in his board.

A ring he had paid for that. Mackenzie gave him forty dollars for his watch, and that night he walked slowly over to the "Snake," as the company's saloon was called, and took his place at Rube Braddock's poker-table. He lost ten dollars. The next night found him there again, and at the end of the game he had fifteen dollars less; the third night he was once more one of the players, and nine dollars more crossed the board. Then it was that Braddock, during an intermission for drinks, leaned across the baize and said to him:

"Better git outhen this, son. This yer's a well man's game an' fer them as has more whar' this comes fr'm." And he pushed Carson's nine dollars back across the table.

But Carson, with a gleam of thanks and a curt, though grateful, nod, refused to take the money and stayed in the game, losing yet another three dollars. And this was getting out of it very easily, for what Carson didn't know about poker was much and the limit was high.

Then for three nights he was absent.

On the fourth, however, he was back once more, and when Four-finger Maginnis, having lost all his money and received a dollar from the bank, sought the bar cursing volubly and picturesquely, Carson dropped into his seat and purchased thirteen dollars' worth of chips.

On the next hand Carson called for one card. The discard heap was close beside him and the card that Braddock tossed him fell near to it. And right by its side was the ace of hearts that Black Cassidy had discarded in such a way that Carson had chanced to see it. Carson needed that ace.

His hand went forth to his draw. It hesitated for an instant and then, passing lightly over the card that Braddock had dealt him, picked up the ace! And from this you can see how little Carson knew of cards and card-sharpping.

There was a hundred dollars in the pot when Carson was finally called. He laid down four aces and stretched out his left hand for the money.

Black Cassidy's eyes fell upon the ace of hearts.

"My dis-cyard!" he shouted, jumping to his feet.

Carson, with fingers closing upon the chips, sat motionless, eyes set and staring. Then he coughed once and his hand stole around to his hip-pocket.

Cassidy's revolver was out on the instant, and while Carson was yet fumbling under his coat, a shot rang out upon the liquor-laden, smoke-ridden air of the "Snake."

The black blotches of the powder showed staringly on Carson's thin, white face; in the forehead, just over the staring eyes, was a round, red hole. He swayed slowly, then pitched sideways to the floor.

With the sound of the shot, all was con-

fusion. Men dodged behind the bar and under the tables. But when no answering shot was heard, they reappeared, to crowd around the poker-table and the players and the body of Carson lying on its side as it had fallen.

There was a little, slowly gathering pool of blood by the head, and there was yet another pool at the hip; from this second pool arose the faint; subtle odor of paregoric.

"What's that?" asked Black Cassidy, indicating the liquid with the toe of his boot.

Braddock leaned over. From the hip-pocket of the dead man's trousers he took a broken bottle, sticky and wet. From this, evidently, came the second pool that was not of blood. Braddock sought in the other pocket; he looked about the waist. And then he arose to his feet, holding the broken bottle in his hand.

For full sixty seconds he was silent. Then slowly, in tones low and hesitant, he said,

"It shore looks to me as if thar'd be'n some mistake made here, gents. Thisyer onfort'nate lunger didn' have no gun at all. He was jes' a-reachin' for his medicine."

Black Cassidy gazed down upon the .45 in his hand. With a sudden deep curse, he threw it from him and turned half-closed eyes down upon the bloody, powder-blown face of the dead.

Braddock half-turned.

"It seems to me," he said, slowly, "that thisyer Cassidy party has be'n a trifle hasty."

His right hand was behind him as he spoke, and it was evident that he had some doubts as to whether or not Cassidy would agree with him. But Cassidy's eyes did not turn from the goal of their gaze.

"Ondoubtedly he was cheatin'," Braddock continued, "for I thought, when I seen him take up his draw, that it wa'n't the c-yard I give him. An' this Cassidy party, who aint had no previous disturbance with this yer Carson, sure wouldn't feel called upon to lie, 'specially when he aint got no int'rest in the pot. Still, as I before observes, his actions seems a mite hurried, an' the leas' we can do is to give this yer lunger a decent an' Christian



DRAWN BY W. W. COLBY

Cassidy's revolver was out on the instant

plantin' an' to notify his relations of his sudden demise."

He fell to his knees again beside the body and searched the pockets. He found only a lead pencil, a Canadian penny, a handkerchief, and a letter. Rising to his feet, he laid them on the table.

"Read the letter," counseled a voice from the crowd.

"Reckin' I better?" asked Braddock, hesitatingly.

There was a murmur of assent. Braddock slowly took the letter from its enclosing envelope, and unfolding it, read slowly and haltingly, for the writing was small and cramped and Braddock's education had been none too thorough. The words of the writer were couched incongruously in his own dialect.

"MY DeaRes' bOy—

"I receives yer letter on Toosday an' I am delighted to know that you are doin' so well an' that yer health is improvin'. I am sure that before many mont's you will be able to come home to yer ole mother whose ole heart is jes' a-breakin' with missin' of yer so an' whose eyes is hungry ter see yer now that you is well an' strong ag'in."

Braddock paused, found his handkerchief, and blew his nose loudly. Old Bill Tarrant coughed, and rubbing his hand across his eyes, muttered something about the "dam' smoke." Black Cassidy stood motionless, gazing from beneath shaggy brows at the body on the floor.

Clearing his throat, Braddock went on:

"If you has plenty o' money, like yer says yer has, please sen' me some—though I'd ruther have you than all the money in the world. But the mortgage on our home is overdoo an' they is a-goin' ter fore-close if I don't pay by the sixteenth. And yer mother is a-gittin' pretty ole an' can hardly make a noo home though she would gladly do so if she could an' if it would help her darlin' boy."

He paused again. A shuffling foot alone broke the silence.

"Take good keer o' yourself an' be keerful about yer flannels an' don't 'sociate with bad people 'r visit ques—quest—quest'nable places. Be hones' an good, as I knows yer will, an' remember yer prayers an' yer lovin' ole mother."

He finished reading, and with the last words his voice broke and his head sank upon his breast. Old Bill Tarrant clutched the back of a chair fiercely—how fiercely

the whitened sinews of his hands plainly showed. Over at the bar, young Hawes, who had just come to the mines from the East, had buried his face in his hands and was sobbing brokenly and without restraint. Some of the men swore, darkly. Others choking, wet-eyed, tried to apologize to their companions. Black Cassidy stood, as he had stood from the beginning, motionless, unwinking. But he was the first to speak.

"Boys," he said, his voice rough and hoarse, "I've killed four men in my time an' haven't never be'n sorry fer none of 'em. But to-night, I'd a heap ruther them four men had a killed me."

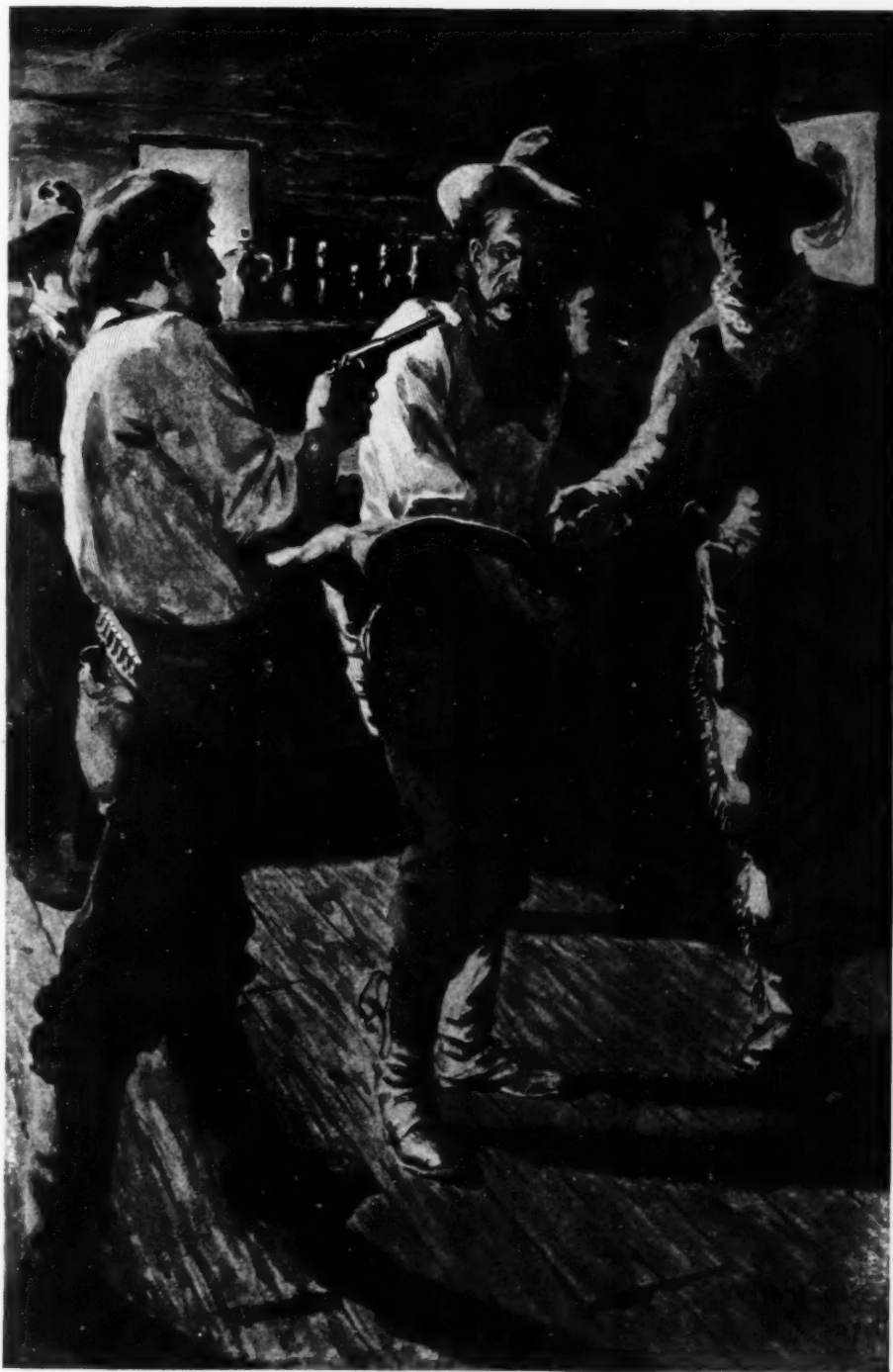
He paused. Then, with eyes still gazing at the body, he went on:

"I got a thousand dollars laid by in dust. It's took me twenty-five year ter heap it up. I also has some cash in thisyer cyard game. All of it I aims ter devote ter the pore ole woman whose son I has sent over the Big Divide in thisyer misguided frenzy o' mine, fer which I is plumb regretful an' hereby apologizes ter all present—though you must admit the mistake was some nat'ral."

Braddock stepped forward.

"Gents," he said, "thisyer Cassidy party seems repentant an' his play is a good one. I aims ter devote some five hundred o' the eight hundred I got ter the same cause; an' hereafter it's one o' the rools o' thisyer game that we doubles the kitty, an' that one half the same goes ter the lone an' bereaved mother o' thisyer lunger."

Ere he had done speaking, they surged forward, these rough, bearded men, to the baize-covered table. Some gave all they had with them, which meant all they had in the world. Others went back to their houses to get a scant, sweat-wrung hoard to send to the childless mother in the far-away land that most called "Home." All gave something. Some gave all. The Hungarians, even, and the Italians and the Swedes and the Mexicans and the negroes and the half breeds, who had stood through it all, gazing in excited, or stoical silence, as their nationalities and upbringing impelled, contributed their mites. They had to; for Braddock with a hat in one hand and a revolver in the other, took up the collection.



DRAWN BY W. W. COLBY

Braddock took up the collection

Seven days later, a thin, white haired little woman, with the face of a mother and the body of a slave to duty and to children that goes ever with the mother-face, walked two long miles over the dusty road that lay between smiling green fields and prim stone walls, and at the little country postoffice, received a letter.

It was a crude letter, written in pencil, much smudged, discolored, lined. There were many blotches upon it, as if it had been written out-of-doors while the land was touched by the edge of a shifting shower. With the letter was a money-order for two thousand, one hundred and ninety-four dollars and seventy-five cents.

The white haired little woman had left her spectacles at home. So the postmaster, willingly, even eagerly, volunteered to assist her in the deciphering of her son's intermittent correspondence.

This was the letter as penned by Braddock:

DeeR MisTress CarSon:

As yore sun's Executioners, we heerby is sendin you the sumb of \$2,194.75 wich is His estate to date. we wants to brake the noos to you gentle so we heerby tells You yore sun is Ded. He was the most Uneversal loved Gent in this heer community an he dies most heroick saving of the Lives of three females an fore kids in a turible fire what devastated the largest saloone in Our Sitty.

We has planted him with all the honners of war an we Drinks to him an to you most respectively evry evning arter the Mines is closed. we heerby notifies yer further that yer Sun has money invested heer wich will amount to sumb fifteen or thirty dollars a weke wich we will Send yer acordin to yer instruckshuns. we is all well heer egsept for a bad droun an hope you is enjoyin of the same grate blessins so no more at present from Yores Trooly

And there followed a long line of signatures and marks, mostly undecipherable.

The thin, white haired old woman, with the mother-face and mother-heart, still lives in the little cottage among the great hills that God makes so green in summer, so white in winter. Alone and lonely she lives there; but every day she goes into the tiny parlor, with its impossible wall-paper, its faded carpet, and its stiff, haircloth furniture, and from the Bible that rests on the

marble-topped table in the center of the room she takes a letter. And, as she reads it, from time to time she glances with the infinite love that God gives such souls, at an old crayon-portrait on the wall and a little daguerreotype beside it. And then the tears surge to her feeble eyes and she whispers softly to herself,

"He was jes' like his father!"



DRAWN BY W. W. COLBY

"He was jes' like his father"



Parisian Fashion Model XVII A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Princesse costume of gray with white dots; the collar and sleeves of mousseline trimmed with white soutache.



Parisian Fashion Model XVIII A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Redfern:—White muslin costume made over olive green foundation; girdle of black taffeta and velvet.



Parisian Fashion Model XIX A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Redfern:—Costume of red voile trimmed with dotted surah.



Parisian Fashion Model XX A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Martial et Armand:—Costume of blue voile trimmed with taffeta, the corsage tied over the muslin and lace front with straps of taffeta.



Parisian Fashion Model XXI A -
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—House gown of rose mousseline trimmed with lace and
rose ribbons.



Parisian Fashion Model XXII A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Costume of tobacco colored voile with coat trimmed with braid and frogs. The vest is of muslin and valenciennes.



Parisian Fashion Model XXIII A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Costume of white embroidered mousseline made over green, with a girdle of green liberty silk.



Parisian Fashion Model XXIV A
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Costume of white embroidered voile with a little embroidered coat.



PHOTO BY PACH BROS.

Miss May in her first part, *Violet Grey*, in "The Belle of New York"



PHOTO BY SARONY

Miss Robson as *Mary Ann* in "Merely Mary Ann"

Edna May and Eleanor Robson

BY LOUIS V. DE FOE

OF the numberless young women of the stage who have rubbed Aladdin's lamp, the one whom its magic power has granted the fullest measure of her heart's desire is Edna May.

With most men it is better to be born lucky than wise, but with a woman it is different. In her case, to be born pretty may often be more advantageous than either, for beauty is the conqueror of the world. Such was the only heritage of the shy, demure little up-York-State girl who came down to the big city just ten years ago to earn fifteen dollars a week as a chorus singer, and ended by bringing the gay world with all its glitter to her feet.

And now, to cap the climax of a career that is hardly ever found outside of story books, she is going to marry great wealth. Like the heroines of fiction, she will turn her back on the field of conquest strewn with broken-hearts and settle down to quiet domestic life.

Perhaps!

I do not intend to play the prophet or

NOTE: See portrait studies of Miss May in the photographic art-section at the beginning of this issue.

look into the future of Edna May. But can an actress who has tasted the sweets of adulation, whose life's cup has run over with the nectar of flattery and applause, easily adjust herself to the seclusion of the home? I merely raise the question. Perhaps a miracle may happen in this case. Edna May's life, indeed, has been full of miracles.

No other star of our musical-comedy stage has come so suddenly out of the darkness of obscurity into the glare of public favor. No other of the beautiful young women whom we have sent to London has been more fêted and adored. In both great cities Edna May's leap to her peculiar fame was the work of a single night.

No type of beauty in the theater has been admired more than hers. Surely there has been no face over which the cameras have worked more assiduously. She probably has not the remotest idea how many hundreds of times she has been photographed. I have run across pictures of her Madonna-like face in a little shop in Oberammergau in the Bavarian Alps. I have seen whole windows decorated with them in Vienna.

In Paris they hold their own with the myriad dashing beauties of the footlights. In London they are more common in the periodicals than the portraits of the Queen. It may be said of Edna May, more truly than of any one else, I know, that her face has been her fortune.

Now Edna May will put all this publicity behind her. Though she is only thirty-two she will desert a profession that abhors the first faint trace of age: Dukes, lords, Indian maharajahs, men of genius, and gilded youths, who have courted her and bestowed favors upon her, she will leave behind. She will marry Oscar Lewisohn, the wealthy young son of the American millionaire copper-magnate, and settle down after the wedding this summer in a fine old manor-house near Ascot, England. What a strange turn of fortune for the girl who was once the wife of Fred Titus, formerly the bicycle-racer.

In London they are still talking of the wonderful scenes in the Aldwych Theater on the night of April 27 when Edna May said farewell to the stage. All the seats had been sold for three weeks and people came from across the United Kingdom to occupy them. There had been nearly two hundred applications for the six boxes. The stage was banked with the floral gifts of her admirers and the little star was surrounded with the expensive presents of her friends. People who had waited at the stage-door from early in the afternoon to witness her

arrival remained until far into the night to watch her departure. There were "Auld Lang Syne" choked with tears, sung by the company and audience alike.

Before I set out to tell the story of Edna

May I made two solemn resolutions. I promised myself I would not refer to her as demure—that hackneyed word that has so relentlessly followed her wherever her wandering steps have led. I also swore that I would not call her an actress. To be an actress implies the vocation of acting and to act signifies an ability to clothe personality with character.

Yet I find I have already transgressed both resolutions. For the first, I beg extenuation, for there is no word in the vocabulary that so aptly describes that placid face, with its crown of nut-brown hair and the long, dark eyelashes with just a suggestion of roguishness stealing from beneath. For the second, I plead guilty and ask no quarter. Not by the widest stretch of imagination is Miss May an actress in the true sense of the term.

Whatever the rôle in

which she has been cast she has never impersonated any creature other than herself. There is not an ounce of histrionic ability in her being, but she is an absolute mistress of personal display.

The stars must have been in conjunction on that night in 1875 when Edna May Pettie was born. I have never heard of unusual astronomical disturbances in the



PHOTO BY SARONY

Miss Robson as Juliet



PHOTO BY SARONY

Miss Robson as *Kate Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer"

firmament above Syracuse, N. Y., at that particular time. Even if there had been any, I doubt it they would have been ascribed to the arrival of the new baby girl in the cottage of the letter-carrier, Edgar C. Pettie, a worthy man who faithfully trudged his daily mail-route and who has continued to trudge it daily ever since.

Some of the neighbors said Edna was a fine baby, but they said it also of Jane and Marguerite whom the stork brought to the cottage later, and, in fact, of pretty much all the babies on the block. So Edna grew up and went to school and gradually developed into a shy, winsome young lady. Twenty years passed and then came that strange call of the footlights. What young girl in her teens has not hearkened to it at one time or another?

Pursuing the will-o-the-wisp of the

theater which, in not one case in a thousand, leads to fame, Edna May came to Broadway in 1897 with hundreds of other rural lassies. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein was then staging "Santa Maria" and the young girl was glad to get a place in the back row of his chorus.

I was in the audience on the opening night and missed undying fame by not singling out Miss May at once as the future queen of musical-comedy. So, in fact, did every one else. "Santa Maria" soon foundered and Edna May went down in the wreck. That is why, a few weeks later, she found herself in the back row of the chorus at the Casino, where Mr. George W. Lederer was rehearsing the production of "The Belle of New York."

The leading rôle of this musical-comedy was to be filled by that clever eccentric

performer, the late Dan Daly. There were two or three other more important parts than *Violet Grey*, the Salvation Army lassie, but they were not so rigid in their requirements of an exact personality. What was needed was a type of saintly innocence, yet with all the unstudied allurements of sweet feminine charm—a girl who, by appearance alone, could convey the double meaning of the first four lines of her entrance song:

Follow On! Follow On!
When the light of faith you see!
Yet they never proceed to follow
that light.
But always follow me.

The Casino chorus-girls in those days were—well, they weren't exactly that kind. Mr. Lederer closely scanned the group on the stage. His eye rested upon the pretty, pensive face of his newest recruit. He saw a great light. Here was the girl with the precise personality for the part.

"Come here, Miss May," he said. "I want to hear you sing."

She went to the piano and ran over an air or two from "The Lady Slavey."

"You'll do," pronounced the stage-manager.

Thus came the golden opportunity to the Syracuse mail-carrier's daughter, and with it a raise from fifteen to fifty dollars a week. I'll wager that, in an instant, she was the best hated girl in the Casino chorus.

But Edna May was still to be made, not metaphorically, but practically. The sum total of what she offered to her manager was a spiritual face, an innocent, reposeful manner, and a prodigious desire to learn. Out of this scant material he evolved, after two heart-breaking weeks of constant drill, what, on the musical-comedy stage, passes for an actress. The theatrical world knows how, by sheer physical force, Mr. David Belasco lifted Mrs. Leslie Carter among the stars. Edna May's experience, as she was being coached for the part of the Salvation Army lassie, was not a whit easier.

Mr. Lederer has said that on the opening night of "The Belle of New York" he made chalk marks on the stage to show his *protégée* where to walk. This Miss May has indignantly denied. But I wonder if she treasures the score of the musical-

comedy that became her first step to fame?

Its pages are lined and interlined with directions for every move she was expected to make. It tells just what she was to do here and there—where to "drop eyelids," where to "look up," where to "turn to the right" or "to the left," or "to step forward" or "to walk twelve steps to the rear and pause." It says, in various places, "pronounce distinctly every syllable," "down," "shake head," "very slow," "turn your back to audience and wave hands" and "start to exit after final note and count eight steps."

Once a bar from the original score of Edna May's first great song-success, "Follow Me," with all its queer annotations, was published in a New York newspaper. The singer was then no longer a tyro. She had succeeded in this country and London was at her feet. It caused the quarrel between Mr. Lederer and his beautiful star, which resulted in the latter refusing to renew her contract and leaving his company to accept a \$1,000 a week salary from Mr. Charles Frohman.

"The Belle of New York" was eventually produced at the Casino, and next morning, the Madonna-like Salvation Army lassie from the last row of the chorus was acclaimed. But oddly, her success in this country never approached the *furor* she was destined to arouse in London.

After a prosperous run "The Belle of New York" was sent to London and Edna May, in an inside state-room and without a maid—the horror of it!—was glad to go with the company.

Then came that wild, unexpected night at the old Shaftsbury Theater, when the delighted English audience fairly stormed the stage and claimed Edna May forever for their own. I will let her describe it in her own words.

"Oh, that night! The management wanted the production to make a success as a whole. We all expected that Dan Daly would, as usual, make the hit. Imagine our amazement when the public began calling for Edna May! I could not believe my ears.

"After the author and the manager and composer had appeared the lights were turned out on the people. The management often does this to send the people out. Generally this hint is sufficient, but it was

not on my first night. Oh, the noise, the calls for 'May, May, May, Edna May!'

"I was at last permitted to go out. I could hardly walk, I was so nervous. Oh, those dear people! I hardly knew what to do, but do you know what I did? I just went to my room and threw myself on the bed and cried myself to sleep with joy."

Long before the two years' run of "The Belle of New York" in London ended I saw it over there. The reception Edna May received at every appearance was marvelous. A crowd was always at the stage-door to see her step from or into her carriage. Her picture was in every paper, and her name was on every lip. Aristocratic families received her. John Cavendish, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Devonshire, it is said, wooed her in vain. The Duke of Manchester was another of her devoted admirers. The Maharajah of Kuch-Behar gave her rich presents. The present king, then Prince of Wales, sent her a telegram of greeting on the first anniversary of her appearance. But all the adulation

that has continued unceasingly to this day did not turn Edna May's sound business head. She acted and sang in her uninspired, demure—that word again!—little way and constantly grew more beautiful.

A prophetess—like a prophet—is not without honor save in her own country. Edna May has been cordially received in the United States but never with the

unbounded enthusiasm she aroused in London. Perhaps it is because of the admiration of the English for American girls. It may be because the women of Britain are not as beautiful as our own.

At any rate, London has been the scene of all her brilliant successes.

No matter what has been the play or the rôle that she has impersonated—she has appeared in about a dozen ephemeral pieces—she has always been *Violet Grey*, the Salvation Army lassie, but in different frocks. I would not say that she has not developed as an entertainer, but surely the traces of art in her acting have been slight.

She has shown what one American girl, unaided, can accomplish. Gifted with beauty, with a personality, and with wisdom to seize the golden opportunity, she brought the pleasure-loving London world to its knees before her. Small wonder, then, that she prefers to settle down to married life among those whose idol she has been.



PHOTO TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE BY SARONY

Miss Robson as Miss Robson

IF ONE OF THE popular stars of the theatrical firmament happens to be your near neighbor, or if, in fact, she lives anywhere in your block in New York, you are generally aware of it. Her sleek brougham or chugging motor-car is waiting perpetually at the curb. Her aristocratic poodle, chaperoned by a pert maid, is invariably taking its sidewalk-airing. And then, when the sun begins to

sink over the Hudson, comes that daily ceremonious progress to Central Park to join the rolling procession of Vanity Fair in the East Drive.

I had lived my uneventful life in West Seventeenth Street nearly two years before I discovered that Eleanor Robson was my close neighbor in the comfortable apartment house next door. I would not have suspected it even then, except for the suspicious presence of a budding playwright in the vicinity. The broughams and motor-cars and poodles and majestic progresses to and from, unfailing manifestations of proximate histrionic genius, had, all along, been strangely absent. Yet the town was ringing with the praise of "Merely Mary Ann" and Miss Robson's grave, interesting, youthful face was looking down upon the passers-by from every bill-board.

Here was a young girl who had made her mark in the kaleidoscopic life of this great metropolis by strictly legitimate means. To the players of New York Miss Robson was content to be known only by what could be seen of her from the orchestra-seats. Her private life, ambitions, pastimes, tastes, and fads—the miscellaneous stock-in-trade of the commercially-made star—were strictly her own, and, whatever they were, she demanded that she be left in unmolested enjoyment of them.

This disinclination to mix the private with the public side of her affairs became

to me one of the chief attractions of the modest girl who, when she appears in her dramatic characters, now enforces respectful attention. It is why I am glad to tell the story of her rise to her present popularity. And her's was by no means a rose-strewn path to success.

Miss Robson has just completed a feat that is the acme of every actress' ambition—an unbroken season on a single New York stage. If it has not been quite so brilliant as the meteoric flights of some of the contemporary favorites, it has had a substantial quality that promises admirably for her future. Next season some of the other cities will see and, I think, will admire as much as New York, the unstudied sweetness and rustic charm of her *Salome Jane*.

Acting was in Eleanor Robson's blood, but it was not to her taste when she bade good-by to the Sisters of Charity and left the convent school at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, just ten years ago. She had been brought to this country from England several years

before by her mother, Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, who was an actress and who put the little girl in school. The good, black-robed Sisters abhorred the stage and regarded the theater as an institution of Satan. "Why, actors and actresses actually kiss in the plays!" they were in the habit of exclaiming. So they taught their little charge to paint on china and weaved in her imagination pictures of a career at the easel.



PHOTO BY HALL

Miss Robson as Tina in "A Tenement Tragedy"

Mrs. Cook's husband, Samuel Cook, had been an actor in the English provinces. Her mother was Evelyn Cameron, an English actress who had played with Ma-cready. Therefore, Miss Robson is of the third generation in a family that has been steadily identified with the stage.

When in 1897, Eleanor Robson packed up her brushes and porcelain paints and set out alone on the long journey across the continent to rejoin her mother, she little dreamed that within a week after her arrival in San Francisco she would be plunged into her family's profession. But it happened that some one was needed—and needed quickly—for the rôle of *Margery Knox* in the Belasco-DeMille drama, "Men and Women," which was being put on by the Frawley Stock Company. The part was small and Miss Robson was pressed into service. She appeared on September 13, 1897, and attracted attention. Next day her visions of an artist's life faded. She has been a conscientious, hard-working, and steadily climbing actress ever since.

I shall not trace her experiences during the next four years, for its steady grind of dull, stock-company work would make a drab, uninteresting tale. There was nothing attractive even in her expedition to Honolulu, where the company put on thirteen plays in two weeks. The Rocky Mountain states were traversed over and over again, and forays were made as far south as Texas.

Eventually the young actress found herself further up in the scale of her profession as a member of the Davidson Stock Company in Milwaukee. To arrive there had taken seasons of drudgery and study, with hardly enough hours for sleep, to say

nothing of time for recreation. But it was exactly the apprenticeship that every actress should have.

Miss Robson's golden opportunity came unexpectedly as, indeed, all golden opportunities come. New York's overconfident but frequently mistaken managers had turned up their noses at Mr. Augustus Thomas' "Arizona," and the late Mr. Kirke LaShelle had taken the play to Chicago to produce it. One day, when he was pondering over the problem of finding exactly the right *ingénue* for its leading rôle of *Bonita*, Timothy D. Frawley dropped in to his office.

"I once had a little girl in my company out in San Francisco," he said, "who could play that part better than anyone else I know. I understand she is up in Milwaukee now.

Why not send for her and try her?"

So the long delayed, golden opportunity came. With what a rare combination of freedom, beauty of expression, and personal charm Miss Robson acted the ranch girl! The thousands who saw and enjoyed Mr. Thomas' virile, tense, melodramatic play will understand it. In eleven weeks the thorns that border the road that leads to Broadway had been cleared away, for Liebler and Company, Miss Robson's



PHOTO BY HALL

Miss Robson as *Salome Jane* in her present play.

present managers, engaged her to appear as *Flossie Williams* in the dramatization of Judge Grant's novel, "Unleavened Bread."

It was in this rôle that I began to observe Miss Robson's acting closely. The play itself was ahead of its time, for Ibsen had not then taught us to mix psychological analysis in our drama. At any rate "Unleavened Bread" failed to rise, although Miss Robson did. Soon afterwards, as *Constance*, with Mr. Otis Skinner as *Norbert* and Mrs. Sarah Le Moyne as the *Queen*, in some special matinées of Robert Browning's beautifully poetic "In a Balcony" she gave Broadway new evidence of an alluring personality and a rapidly developing elocutionary skill.

As Mr. Kyrle Bellew's leading actress in the clap-trap of a "Gentleman of France," a season passed without much artistic advance. Then her managers testified to their faith in her by allowing her to appear as the tragic heroine in "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Robson had been ill and she learned the part in bed. She had never seen Shakespeare's passionate character acted and was forced to depend upon her own conception of it which, though it proved to be a drab little water-color of what should have been a boldly executed oil-portrait, was, nevertheless, surcharged with tremulous pathos. Tragedy will never be the *métier* of this gifted little star.

And then the pale, wistful, forlorn little Somersetshire slavey, condemned to the soul-racking drudgery of a cheap London lodging-house! Will anyone who saw the

picture of simple, trustful, crystalline innocence that Miss Robson drew in the Zang-will play ever forget the spell cast by *Merdy Mary Ann*, with her canary and old gloves, as she ministered to the shabby gentility of *Mr. Lancelot*?

London joined with New York and Chicago and the other great American cities in genuine admiration for the young actress, whose gentleness and innate refinement assert themselves in whatever she does. Miss Robson at last came into her own.

The play became the passport to her present popularity. In her own theater this year, and in a variety of rôles, she has been admired by the best, if not the greatest number of New York playgoers. Success will attend her next season when she goes out upon her travels as Bret Harte's rough diamond, *Salomy Jane*, in the picturesque romance of California frontier life.

Some have had the temerity to suggest that if a real romance could enter Miss Robson's private life it would contribute to her development as an artist. Perhaps! But the maid is always more interesting than the matron on the stage and girlish innocence has its place in the drama, quite as much as womanly experience.

Go to Miss Robson's dressing-room, wherever she may be, and you will find it guarded by a faithful mascot. It is a faded and shabby old Japanese doll, the tried companion and friend of her convent school days. Such fidelity to the mute comrade of her childhood tells its own eloquent story of her character.



Facsimile of part of the score of the song—with the specific instructions written in—that made Miss May famous